THE

# STRAND MAGAZINE

## *An Illustrated Monthly*

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

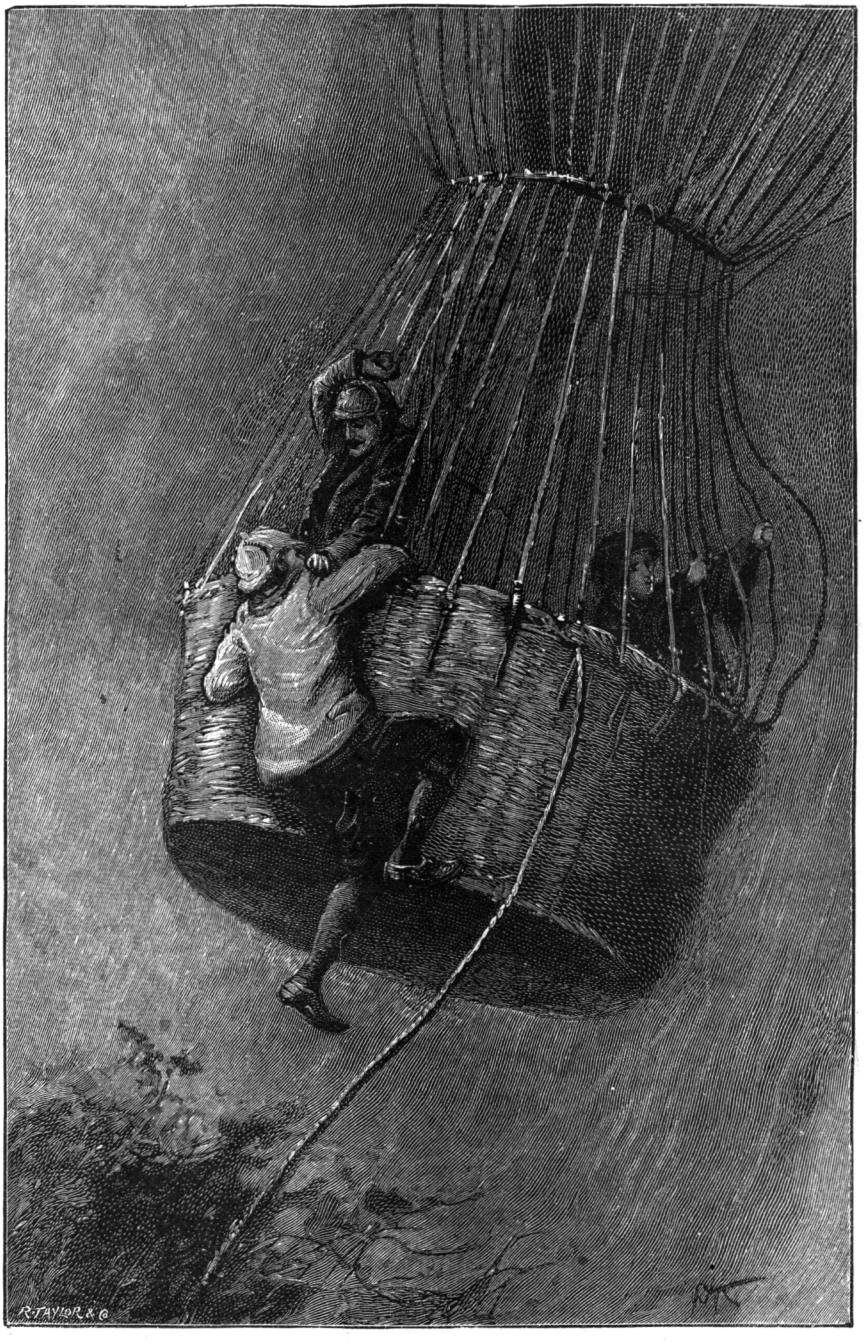
**Vol. V.**

*JANUARY TO JUNE*

**London:**

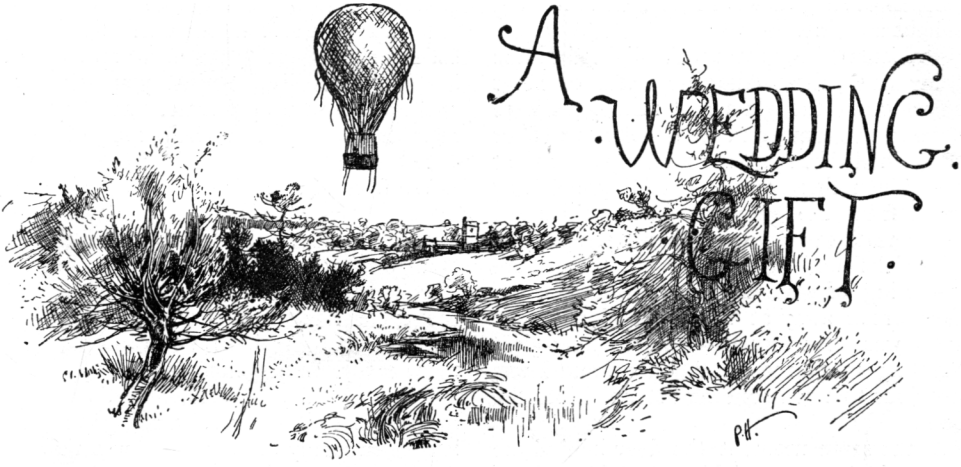
GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8, 9, 10, & 11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
AND EXETER STREET, STRAND.

1893.




"Kenneth Threw Himself Suddenly Upon Phillip."

*(A Wedding Gift.)*




(A Wife's Story.) By Leonard Outram.

"I *WILL* have you! I *will* have you! I will! I will! I will!!" I can see his dark face now as he looked when he spoke those words. I remember noticing how pale his lips were as he hissed out through his clenched teeth: "Though I had to fight with a hundred men for you—though I had to do murder for your sake, you should be mine. In spite of your love for him, in spite of your hate for me, in spite of all your struggles, your tears, your prayers, you shall be mine, mine, only mine!"

I had known Kenneth Moore ever since I was a little child. He had made love to me nearly as long. People spoke of us as sweethearts, and Kenneth was so confident and persevering that when my mother died and I found myself without a relative, without a single friend that I really cared for, I did promise him that I would one day be his wife. But that had scarcely happened, when Phillip Rutley came to the village and—and everybody knows I fell in love with *him*.

It seemed like Providence that brought Phillip to me just as I had given a half-consent to marry a man I had no love for, and with whom I could never have been happy.

I had parted from Kenneth at the front gate, and he had gone off to his home crazy with delight because at last I had given way.

It was Sunday evening late in November, very dark, very cold, and very foggy. He had brought me home from church, and he kept me there at the gate pierced through and through by the frost, and half choked by the stifling river mist, holding my hand in his own and refusing to leave me until I promised to marry him.

Home was very lonely since mother died. The farm had gone quite wrong since we lost father. My near friends advised me to wed with Kenneth Moore, and all the village people looked upon it as a settled thing. It was horribly cold, too, out there at the gate—and—and that was how it came about that I consented.

I went into the house as miserable as Kenneth had gone away happy. I hated myself for having been so weak, and I hated Kenneth because I could not love him. The door was on the latch; I went in and flung it to behind me, with a petulant violence that made old Hagar, who was rheumatic and had stayed at home that evening on account of the fog, come out of the kitchen to see what was the matter.

"It's settled at last," I cried, tearing off my bonnet and shawl; "I'm to be Mrs. Kenneth Moore. Now are you satisfied?"

"It's best so—I'm sure it's much best so," exclaimed the old woman; "but, deary-dear!" she added as I burst into a fit of sobbing, "how can I be satisfied if you don't be?"

I wouldn't talk to her about it. What was the good? She'd forgotten long ago how the heart of a girl like me hungers for its true mate, and how frightful is the thought of giving oneself to a man one does not love!

Hagar offered condolence and supper, but I would partake of neither; and I went up to bed at once, prepared to cry myself to sleep, as other girls would have done in such a plight as mine.

As I entered my room with a lighted candle in my hand, there came an awful crash at the window—the glass and framework were shivered to atoms, and in the current of air that rushed through the room, my light went out. Then there came a crackling, breaking sound from the branches of the old apple tree beneath my window; then a scraping on the bricks and window-ledge; then more splintering of glass and window-frame: the blind broke away at the top, and my toilet table was overturned—the looking-glass smashing to pieces on the floor, and I was conscious that someone had stepped into the room.

At the same moment the door behind me was pushed open, and Hagar, frightened out of her wits, peered in with a lamp in her hand.

By its light I first saw Phillip Rutley.

A well-built, manly, handsome young fellow, with bright eyes and light, close-cropped curly hair, he seemed like a merry boy who had just popped over a wall in search of a cricket ball rather than an intruder who had broke into the house of two lone women in so alarming a manner.

My fear yielded to indignation when I realized that it was a strange man who had made his way into my room with so little ceremony, but his first words—or rather the way in which he spoke them—disarmed me.

"I beg ten thousand pardons. Pay for all the damage. It's only my balloon!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Hagar.

My curiosity was aroused. I went forward to the shattered window.

"Your balloon! Did you come down in a balloon? Where is it?"

"All safe outside," replied the aeronaut consolingly. "Not a bad descent, considering this confounded—I beg pardon—this confound-*ing* fog. Thought I was half a mile up in the air. Opened the valve a little to drop through the cloud and discover my location. Ran against your house and anchored in your apple tree. Have you any men about the place to help me get the gas out?"

We fetched one of our farm labourers, and managed things so well, in spite of the darkness, that about midnight we had the great clumsy thing lying upon the lawn in a state of collapse. Instead of leaving it there with the car safely wedged into the apple-tree, until the morning light would let him work more easily, Rutley must needs "finish the job right off," as he said, and the result of this was that while he was standing in the car a bough suddenly broke and he was thrown to the ground, sustaining such injuries that we found him senseless when we ran to help him.

We carried him into the drawing-room, by the window of which he had fallen, and when we got the doctor to him, it was considered best that he should remain with us that night. How could we refuse him a shelter? The nearest inn was a long way off; and how could he be moved there among people who would not care for him, when the doctor said it was probable that the poor fellow was seriously hurt internally?

"IT'S ONLY MY BALLOON."

We kept him with us that night; yes, and for weeks after. By Heaven's mercy he will be with me all the rest of my life.

It was this unexpected visit of Phillip's, and the feeling that grew between us as I nursed him well and strong again, that

"I NURSED HIM WELL AND STRONG AGAIN."

brought it about that I told Kenneth Moore, who had become so repugnant to me that I could not bear to see him or hear him speak, that I wanted to be released from the promise he had wrung from me that night at the garden gate.

His rage was terrible to witness. He saw at once that my heart was given to someone else, and guessed who it must be; for, of course, everybody knew about our visitor from the clouds. He refused to release me from my pledge to him, and uttered such wild threats against poor Phillip, whom he had not seen, and who, indeed, had not spoken of love to me at that time, that it precipitated my union with his rival. One insult that he was base enough to level at Phillip and me stung me so deeply, that I went at once to Mr. Rutley and told him how it was possible for evil minds to misconstrue his continuing to reside at the farm.

When I next met Kenneth Moore I was leaving the registrar's office upon the arm of my husband. Kenneth did not know what had happened, but when he saw us walking openly together, his face assumed an expression of such intense malignity, that a great fear for Phillip came like a chill upon my heart, and when we were alone together under the roof that might henceforth harmlessly cover us both, I had but one thought, one intense desire—to quit it for ever in secret with the man I loved, and leave no foot-print behind for our enemy to track us by.

It was now that Phillip told me that he possessed an independent fortune, by virtue of which the world lay spread out before us for our choice of a home.

"Sweet as have been the hours that I have passed here—precious and hallowed as this little spot on the wide earth's surface must ever be to me," said my husband, "I want to take you away from it and show you many goodly things you have as yet hardly dreamed of. We will not abandon your dear old home, but we will find someone to take care of it for us, and see what other paradise we can discover in which to spend our life-long honeymoon."

I had never mentioned to Phillip the name of Kenneth Moore, and so he thought it a mere playful caprice that made me say:—

"Let us go, Phillip, no one knows where—not even ourselves. Let Heaven guide us in our choice of a resting-place. Let us vanish from this village as if we had never lived in it. Let us go and be forgotten."

He looked at me in astonishment, and replied in a joking way:—

"The only means I know of to carry out your wishes to the letter, would be a nocturnal departure, as I arrived—that is to say, in my balloon."

"Yes, Phillip, yes!" I exclaimed eagerly, "in your balloon, to-night, in your balloon!"

That night, in a field by the reservoir of the gas-works of Nettledene, the balloon was

inflated, and the car loaded with stores for our journey to unknown lands. The great fabric swayed and struggled in the strong breeze that blew over the hills, and it was with some difficulty that Phillip and I took our seats. All was in readiness, when Phillip, searching the car with a lantern, discovered that we had not with us the bundle of rugs and wraps which I had got ready for carrying off.

"Keep her steady, boys!" he cried. "I must run back to the house." And he leapt from the car and disappeared in the darkness.

It was weird to crouch there alone, with the great balloon swaying over my head, each plunge threatening to dislodge me from the seat to which I clung, the cords and the wicker-work straining and creaking, and the swish of the silk sounding like the hiss of a hundred snakes. It was alarming in no small degree to know how little prevented me from shooting up solitarily to take an indefinite place among the stars. I confess that I was nervous, but I only called to the men who were holding the car to please take care and not let me go without Mr. Rutley.

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when a man, whom we all thought was he, climbed into the car and hoarsely told them to let go. The order was obeyed and the earth seemed to drop away slowly beneath us as the balloon rose and drifted away before the wind.

"You haven't the rugs, after all!" I exclaimed to my companion. He turned and flung his arms about me, and the voice of Kenneth Moore it was that replied to me:—

"I have *you*. I swore I would have you, and I've got you at last!"

In an instant, as I perceived that I was being carried off from my husband by the very man I had been trying to escape, I seized the grapnel that lay handy and flung it over the side. It was attached to a long stout cord which was fastened to the body of the car, and by the violent jerks that ensued I knew that I was not too late to snatch at an anchorage and the chance of a rescue. The balloon, heavily ballasted, was drifting along near the ground with the grappling-iron tearing through hedges and fences and trees, right in the direction of our farm. How I prayed that it might again strike against the house as it did with Phillip, and that he might be near to succour me!

As we swept along the fields the grapnel, taking here and there a secure hold for a moment or so, would bring the car side down to the earth, nearly jerking us out, but we both clung fast to the cordage, and then the grapnel would tear its way through and the balloon would rise like a great bird into the air.

It was in the moment that one of these checks occurred, when the balloon had heeled over in the wind until it lay almost horizontally upon the surface of the ground, that I saw Phillip Rutley standing in the meadow beneath me. He cried to me as the car descended to him with me clinging to the ropes and framework for my life:—

"Courage, dearest! You're anchored. Hold on tight. You won't be hurt."

Down came the car sideways, and struck the ground violently, almost crushing him. As it rebounded he clung to the edge and held it down, shouting for help. I did not dare let go my hold, as the balloon was struggling furiously, but I shrieked to Phillip that Kenneth Moore had tried to carry me off, and implored him to save me from that man. But before I could make myself understood, Kenneth, who like myself had been holding on for dear life, threw himself suddenly upon Phillip, who, to ward off a shower of savage blows, let go of the car.

There was a heavy gust of wind, a tearing sound, the car rose out of Phillip's reach, and we dragged our anchor once more. The ground flew beneath us, and my husband was gone.

I screamed with all my might, and prepared to fling myself out when we came to the earth again, but my captor, seizing each article that lay on the floor of the car, hurled forth, with the frenzy of a madman, ballast, stores, water-keg, cooking apparatus, everything, indiscriminately. For a moment this unburdening of the balloon did not have the effect one would suppose—that of making us shoot swiftly up into the sky, and I trusted that Phillip and the men who had helped us at the gas-works had got hold of the grapnel line, and would haul us down; but, looking over the side, I perceived that we were flying along unfettered, and increasing each minute our distance from the earth.

We were off, then, Heaven alone could tell whither! I had lost the protection of my husband, and fallen utterly into the power of a lover who was terrifying and hateful to me.

Away we sped in the darkness, higher and higher, faster and faster; and I crouched, half-fainting, in the bottom of the car, while Kenneth Moore, bending over me, poured his horrible love into my ear:—

"Minnie! My Minnie! Why did you try to play me false? Didn't you know your

old playmate better than to suppose he would give you up? Thank your stars, girl, you are now quit of that scoundrel, and that the very steps he took to ruin you have put it in my power to save you from him and from your wilful self."

I forgot that he did not know Phillip and I had been married that morning, and, indignant that he should speak so of my husband, I accused him in turn of seeking to destroy me. How dared he interfere with me? How dared he speak ill of a man who was worth a thousand of himself—who had not persecuted me all my life, who loved me honestly and truly, and whom I loved with all my soul? I called Kenneth Moore a coward, a cruel, cowardly villain, and commanded him to stop the balloon, to let me go back to my home—back to Phillip Rutley, who was the only man I could ever love in the whole wide world!

"You are out of your senses, Minnie," he answered, and he clasped me tightly in his arms, while the balloon mounted higher and higher. "You are angry with me now, but when you realize that you are mine for ever and cannot escape, you will forgive me, and be grateful to me—yes, and love me, for loving you so well."

"Never!" I cried, "never! You are a thief! You have stolen me, and I hate you! I shall always hate you. Rather than endure you, I will make the balloon fall right down, down, and we will both be dashed to pieces."

I was so furious with him that I seized the valve-line that swung near me at the moment, and tugged at it with all my might. He grasped my hand, but I wound the cord about my arms, held on to it with my teeth, and he could not drag it from me. In the struggle we nearly overturned the car. I did not care. I would gladly have fallen out and lost my life now that I had lost Phillip.

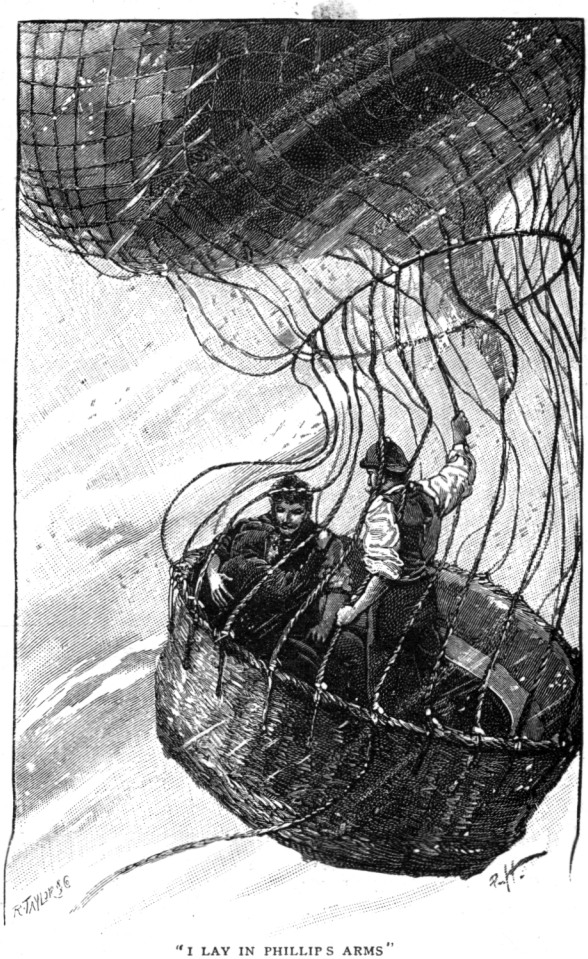
Then Kenneth took from his pocket a large knife and unclasped it. I laughed aloud, for I thought he meant to frighten me into submission. But I soon saw what he meant to do. He climbed up the cordage and cut the valve-line through.

"Now you are conquered!" he cried, "and we will voyage together to the world's end."

I had risen to my feet and watched him, listened to him with a thrill of despair; but even as his triumphant words appalled me the car swayed down upon the side opposite to where I stood—the side where still hung the long line with the grapnel—and I saw the hands of a man upon the ledge; the arms, the head, and the shoulders of a man, of a man who the next minute was standing in the car, I fast in his embrace: Phillip Rutley, my true love, my husband!

Then it seemed to me that the balloon collapsed, and all things melted, and I was whirling away—down, down, down!

How long I was unconscious I do not know, but it was daylight when I opened my eyes. It was piercingly cold—snow was falling, and although I lay in Phillip's arms with his coat over me, while he sat in his shirt-sleeves holding me. On the other side stood Kenneth Moore. He also was in his shirt-sleeves. His coat also had



"I LAY IN PHILLIP'S ARMS"

been devoted to covering me. Both those men were freezing there for my sake, and I was ungrateful enough to shiver.

I need not tell you that I gave them no peace until they had put their coats on again. Then we all crouched together in the bottom of the car to keep each other warm. I shrank from Kenneth a little, but not much, for it was kind of him—so kind and generous—to suffer that awful cold for me. What surprised me was that he made no opposition to my resting in Phillip's arms, and Phillip did not seem to mind his drawing close to me.

But Kenneth explained :—

"Mr. Rutley has told me you are already his wife, Minnie. Is that true?"

I confirmed it, and asked him to pardon my choosing where my heart inclined me.

"If that is so," he said, "I have little to forgive and much to be forgiven. Had I known how things stood, I loved you too well to imperil your happiness and your life, and the life of the man you prefer to me."

"But the danger is all over now," said I; "let us be good friends for the future."

"We may at least be friends," replied Kenneth; and I caught a glance of some mysterious import that passed between the men. The question it would have led me to ask was postponed by the account Phillip gave of his presence in the balloon-car—how by springing into the air as the grapnel swung past him, dragged clear by the rising balloon, he had caught the irons and then the rope, climbing up foot by foot, swinging to and fro in the darkness, up, up, until the whole length of the rope was accomplished and he reached my side. Brave, strong, dear Phillip!

And, now, once more he would have it that I must wear his coat.

"The sun's up, Minnie, and he'll soon put warmth into our bones. I'm going to have some exercise. My coat will be best over you."

Had it not been so excruciatingly cold we might have enjoyed the grandeur of our sail through the bright, clear heavens, the big brown balloon swelling broadly above us. Phillip tried to keep up our spirits by calling attention to these things, but Kenneth said little or nothing, and looked so despondent that, wishing to divert his thoughts from his disappointment concerning myself, which I supposed was his trouble, I heedlessly blurted out that I was starving, and asked him to give me some breakfast.

Then it transpired that he had thrown out of the car all the provisions with which we had been supplied for our journey.

The discovery took the smiles out of Phillip's merry face.

"You'll have to hold on a bit, little woman," said he. "When we get to a way-station or an hotel, we'll show the refreshment contractors what sort of appetites are to be found up above."

Then I asked them where we were going; whereabouts we had got to; and why we did not descend. Which elicited the fact that Kenneth had thrown away the instruments by which the aeronaut informs himself of his location and the direction of his course. For a long time Phillip playfully put me off in my petition to be restored to *terra firma*, but at last it came out that the valve-line being cut we could not descend, and that the balloon must speed on, mounting higher and higher, until it would probably burst in the extreme tension of the air.

"Soon after that," said Phillip, with a grim, hard laugh, "we shall be back on the earth again."

We found it difficult to enjoy the trip after this prospect was made clear. Nor did conversation flow very freely. The hours dragged slowly on, and our sufferings increased.

At last Phillip made up his mind to attempt a desperate remedy. What it was he would not tell me, but, kissing me tenderly, he made me lie down and covered my head with his coat.

Then he took off his boots, and then the car creaked and swayed, and suddenly I felt he was gone out of it. He had told me not to look out from under his coat; but how could I obey him? I did look, and I saw him climbing like a cat up the round, hard side of the balloon, clinging with hands and feet to the netting that covered it.

As he mounted, the balloon swayed over with his weight until it was right above him and he could hardly hold on to the cords with his toes and his fingers. Still he crept on, and still the great silken fabric heeled over, as if it resented his boldness and would crush him.

Once his foothold gave way, and he dropped to his full length, retaining only his hand-grip of the thin cords, which nearly cut his fingers in two under the strain of his whole weight. I thought he was gone; I thought I had lost him for ever. It seemed impossible he could keep his hold, and even if he did the weak netting must give way. It stretched down where he grasped it into a

"CLINGING WITH HANDS AND FEET TO THE NETTING."

bag form and increased his distance from the balloon, so that he could not reach with his feet, although he drew his body up and made many a desperate effort to do so.

But while I watched him in an agony of powerlessness to help, the balloon slowly regained the perpendicular, and just as Phillip seemed at the point of exhaustion his feet caught once more in the netting, and, with his arms thrust through the meshes and twisted in and out for security, while his strong teeth also gripped the cord, I saw my husband in comparative safety once more. I turned to relieve my pent-up feelings to Kenneth, but he was not in the car—only his boots. He had seen Phillip's peril, and climbed up on the other side of the balloon to restore the balance.

But now the wicked thing served them another trick; it slowly lay over on its side under the weight of the two men, who were now poised like panniers upon the extreme convexity of the silk. This was very perilous for both, but the change of position gave them a little rest, and Phillip shouted instructions round to Kenneth to slowly work his way back to the car, while he (Phillip) would mount to the top of the balloon, the surface of which would be brought under him by Kenneth's weight. It was my part to make them balance each other. This I did by watching the tendency of the balloon, and telling Kenneth to move to right or left as I saw it become necessary. It was very difficult for us all. The great fabric wobbled about most capriciously, sometimes with a sudden turn that took us all by surprise, and would have jerked every one of us into space, had we not all been clinging fast to the cordage.

At last Phillip shouted:—

"Get ready to slip down steadily into the car."

"I am ready," replied Kenneth.

"Then go!" came from Phillip. "Easy does it! Steady! Don't hurry! Get right down into the middle of the car, both of you, and keep quite still."

We did as he told us, and as Kenneth joined me, we heard a faint cheer from above, and the message:—

"Safe on the top of the balloon!"

"Look, Minnie, look!" cried Kenneth; and on a cloud-bank we saw the image of our balloon with a figure sitting on the summit, which could only be Phillip Rutley.

"Take care, my dearest! take care!" I besought him.

"I'm all right as long as you two keep still," he declared; but it was not so.

After he had been up there about ten minutes trying to mend the escape-valve, so that we could control it from the car, a puff of wind came and overturned the balloon completely. In a moment the aspect of the monster was transformed into a crude resemblance to the badge of the Golden Fleece—the car with Kenneth and me in it at one end, and Phillip Rutley hanging from the other, the huge gas-bag like the body of the sheep of Colchis in the middle.

And now the balloon twisted round and round as if resolved to wrench itself from Phillip's grasp, but he held on as a brave man always does when the alternative is fight or die. The terrible difficulty he had in getting back I shudder to think of. It is

needless to recount it now. Many times I thought that both men must lose their lives, and I should finish this awful voyage alone. But in the end I had my arms around Phillip's neck once more, and was thanking God for giving him back to me.

I don't think I half expressed my gratitude to poor Kenneth, who had so bravely and generously helped to save him. I wish I had said more when I look back at that time now. But my love for Phillip made me blind to everything.

Phillip was very much done up, and greatly dissatisfied with the result of his exertions; but he soon began to make the best of things, as he always did.

"I'm a selfish duffer, Minnie," said he. "All the good I've done by frightening you like this is to get myself splendidly warm."

"What, have you done nothing to the valve?"

"Didn't have time. No, Moore and I must try to get at it from below, though from what I saw before I started to go aloft, it seemed impossible."

"But we are descending."

"Eh?"

"Descending rapidly. See how fast we are diving into that cloud below!"

"It's true! We're dropping. What can it mean?"

As he spoke we were immersed in a dense white mist, which wetted us through as if we had been plunged in water. Then suddenly the car was filled with whirling snow—thick masses of snow that covered us so that we could not see each other; choked us so that we could hardly speak or breathe.

And the cold! the cold! It cut us like knives; it beat the life out of us as if with hammers.

This sudden, overwhelming horror struck us dumb. We could only cling together and pray. It was plain that there must be a rent in the silk, a large one, caused probably by the climbing of the men, a rent that might widen at any moment and reduce the balloon to ribbons.

We were being dashed along in a wild storm of wind and snow, the headlong force of which alone delayed the fate which seemed surely to await us. Where should we fall? The world beneath us was near and palpable, yet we could not distinguish any object upon it. But we fell lower and lower, until our eyes informed us all in an instant, and we exclaimed together:—

"*We are falling into the sea!*" Yes, there it was beneath us, raging and leaping like a beast of prey. We should be drowned! We *must* be drowned! There was no hope, none!

Down we came slantwise to the water. The foam from the top of a mountain-wave scudded through the ropes of the car. Then the hurricane bore us up again on its fierce breast, and—yes, it was bearing us to the shore!

We saw the coast-line, the high, red cliffs—saw the cruel rocks at their base! Horrible! Better far to fall into the water and drown, if die we must.

The balloon flew over the rugged boulders, the snow and the foam of the sea indistinguishable around us, and made straight for the high, towering precipice.

We should dash against the jagged front! The balloon was plunging down like a maddened bull, when suddenly, within 12ft. of the rock, there was a thrilling cry from Kenneth Moore, and up we shot, almost clearing the projecting summit. Almost—not quite—sufficiently to escape death; but the car, tripping against the very verge, hurled Phillip and myself, clasped in each other's arms, far over the level snow.

We rose unhurt, to find ourselves alone.

What had become of our comrade—my childhood's playfellow, the man who had loved me so well, and whom I had cast away?

He was found later by some fishermen—a shapeless corpse upon the beach.

I stood awe-stricken in an outbuilding of a little inn that gave us shelter, whither they had borne the poor shattered body, and I wept over it as it lay there covered with the fragment of a sail.

My husband was by my side, and his voice was hushed and broken, as he said to me:—

"Minnie, I believe that, under God, our lives were saved by Kenneth Moore. Did you not hear that cry of his when we were about to crash into the face of the cliff?"

"Yes, Phillip," I answered, sobbing, "and I missed him suddenly as the balloon rose."

"You heard the words of that parting cry?"

"Yes, oh, yes! He said: '*A Wedding Gift! Minnie! A Wedding Gift!*'"

"And then?"

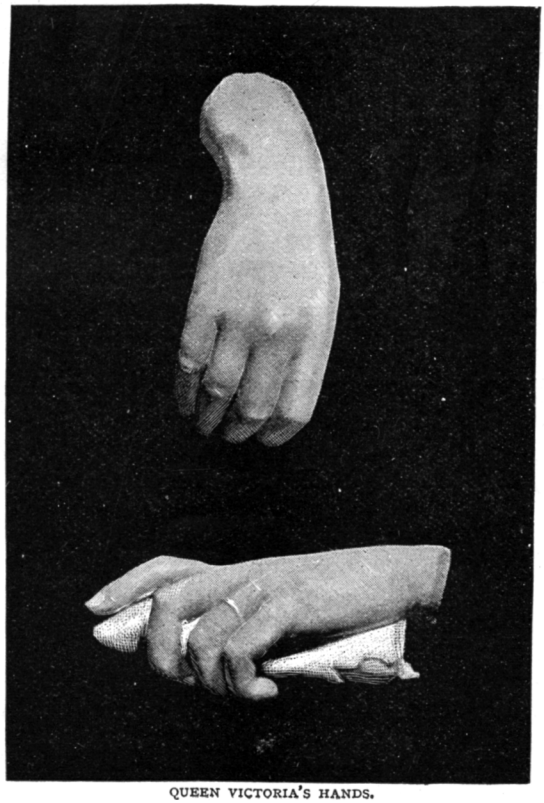
"He left us together."

# HANDS

By Beckles Willson.

THE hand, like the face, is indicative or representative of character. Even those who find the path to belief in the doctrines of the palmist and chirognomist paved with innumerable thorns, cannot fail to be interested in the illustrious manual examples, collected from the studios of various sculptors, which accompany this article.

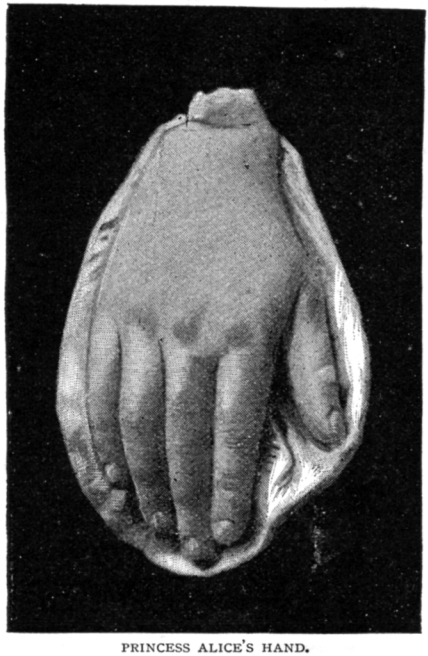
Mr. Adams-Acton, a distinguished sculptor, tells me his belief that there is as great expression in the hand as in the face; and another great artist, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., goes even a step further: he invests the bare knee with expression and vital identity. There would, indeed, appear to be no portion of the human frame which is incapable of giving forth some measure of the inherent distinctiveness of its owner. This is, I think, especially true of the hand. No one who was fortunate enough to observe the slender, tapering fingers and singular grace of the hand of the deceased Poet Laureate could possibly believe it the extremity of a coarse or narrow-minded person. In the accompanying photographs, the hand of a cool, yet enthusiastic, ratiocinative spirit will be found to bear a palpable affinity to others whose possessors come under this head, and yet be utterly antagonistic to Carlyle's, or to another type, Cardinal Manning's.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S HANDS.

We have here spread out for our edification hands of majesty, hands of power; of artistic

creativeness; of cunning; hands of the ruler, the statesman, the soldier, the author, and the artist. To philosophers disposed to



PRINCESS ALICE'S HAND.

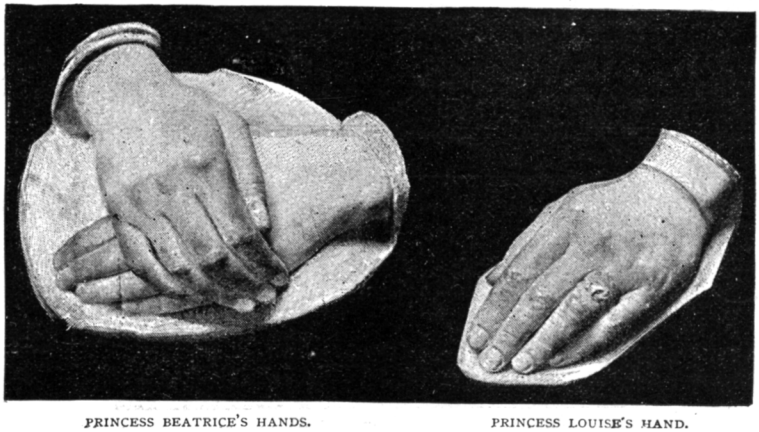
resolve a science from representative examples here is surely no lack of matter. It would, on the whole, be difficult to garner from the century's history a more glittering array of celebrities in all the various departments of endeavour than is here presented.

First and foremost, entitled to precedence almost by a double right, for this cast antedates, with one exception, all the rest, are the hands of Her Majesty the Queen. They were executed in 1844, when Her Majesty had sat upon the throne but seven years, and, if I do not greatly err, in connection with the first statue of the Queen after her accession. They will no doubt evoke much interest when compared with the hand of the lamented Princess Alice, who was present at the first ceremony, an infant in arms of eight months. In addition to that of the Princess Alice, taken in 1872, we have the hands of the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, all three of whom sat for portrait statues to Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A.,

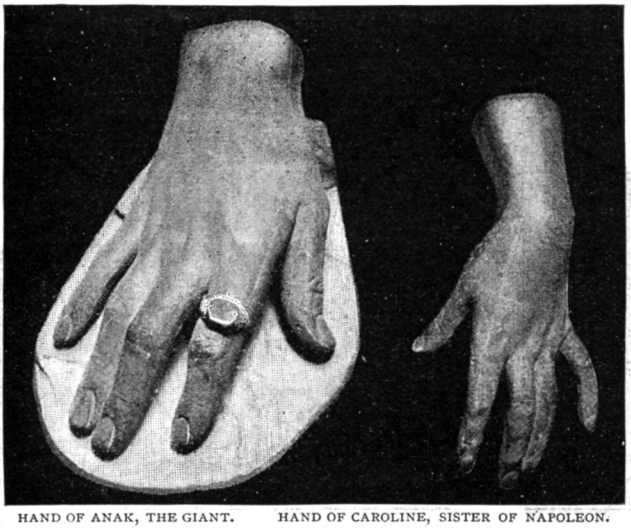
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HAND.

from whose studio, also, emanates the cast of the hand of the Prince of Wales.

In each of the manual extremities thus presented of the Royal Family, similar



PRINCESS BEATRICE'S HANDS. PRINCESS LOUISE'S HAND.



HAND OF ANAK, THE GIANT. HAND OF CAROLINE, SISTER OF NAPOLEON.

characteristics may be noticed. The dark hue which appears on the surface of the hands of the two last named Princesses is not the fault of the photograph but of the casts, which are, unfortunately, in a soiled condition.

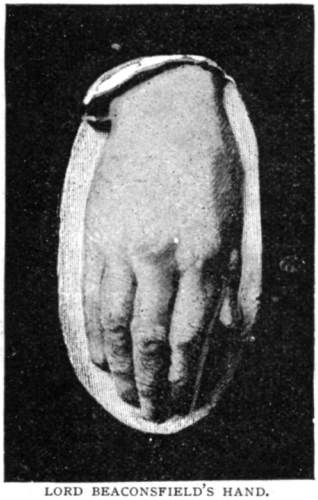
It is a circumstance not a little singular, but the only cast in this collection which is anterior to the Queen's, itself appertains to

HAND OF ZOE, WIFE OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Royalty, being none other than the hand of Caroline, sister of the first Napoleon, who also, it must not be forgotten, was a queen. It is purposely coupled in the photograph with that of Anak, the famous French giant, in order to exhibit the exact degree of its deficiency in that quality which giants most and ladies least can afford to be complaisant over—size. Certainly it would be hard to deny it grace and exquisite proportion, in which it resembles an even more beautiful hand, that of the Greek lady, Zoe, wife of the late Archbishop of York, which seems to breathe of Ionian mysticism and elegance.

MR. GLADSTONE'S HAND.

One cannot dwell long upon this quality of grace and elegance without adverting to a hand which, if not the most wonderful among the hands masculine, is with one exception the most beautiful. When it is stated that



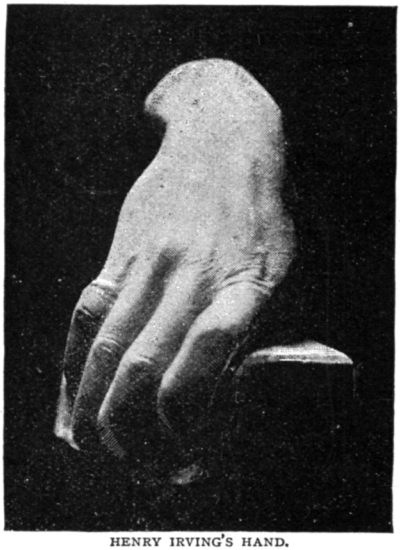
LORD BEACONSFIELD'S HAND.

this cast of Mr. Gladstone's hand was executed by Mr. Adams-Acton, quite recently; that one looks upon the hand not of a youth of twenty, but of an octogenarian, it is difficult to deny it the epithet remarkable. Although the photograph is not wholly

CARDINAL MANNING'S HAND.

favourable to the comparison, yet in the original plaster it is possible at once to detect its similarity to the hand of Lord Beaconsfield.

In truth, the hands of these statesmen have much in common. Yet, for a more



HENRY IRVING'S HAND.

striking resemblance between hands we must turn to another pair. The sculptor calls attention to the eminently ecclesiastical character of the hand of Cardinal Manning. It is in every respect the hand of the ideal prelate. Yet its every attribute is common to one hand, and one hand only, in the whole collection, that of Mr. Henry Irving, the actor. The general conformation, the protrusion of the metacarpal bones, the laxity of the skin at the joints, are characteristic of both.

There could be no mistaking the bellicose traits visible in the hands of the two warriors—Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir Bartle Frere. Both bespeak firmness, hardihood, and command, just as Lord Brougham's

LORD NAPIER OF MAGDALA'S HAND.

hand, which will be found represented on the next page, suggest the jurist, orator, and debater. But it can scarcely be said that the great musician is apparent in Liszt's hand, which is also depicted on the following page. The fingers are short and corpulent, and the whole extremity seems more at variance with

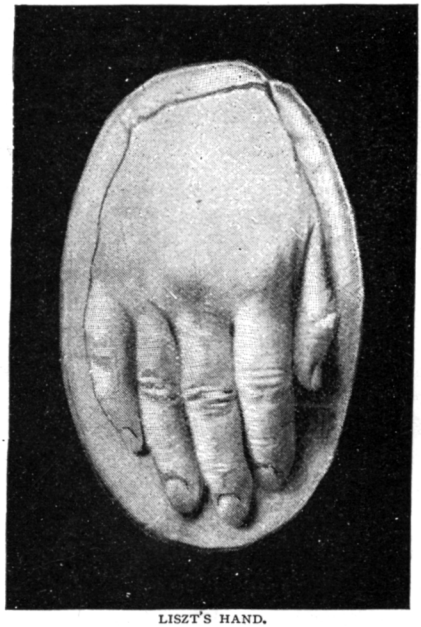
SIR BARTLE FRERE'S HAND.

LORD BROUGHAM'S HAND.

the abilities and temperament of the owner than any other represented in these casts, and, as a case which seems to completely baffle the reader of character, is one of the most interesting in the collection.

Highly gruesome, but not less fascinating, are the hands of the late Wilkie Collins, with which we will conclude this month's section of our subject.

In this connection a gentleman, who had known the novelist in life, on being shown



LISZT'S HAND.

the cast, exclaimed: "Yes, those are the hands, I assure you; none other could have written the 'Woman in White!'"

WILKIE COLLINS'S HANDS.

NOTE.—Thanks are due to Messrs. Hamo Thorneycroft, R.A., Adams-Acton, Onslow Ford, R.A., T. Brock, R.A., W. R. Ingram, Alfred Gilbert, R.A., J. T. Tussaud, Professor E. Lantéri, and A. B. Skinner, Secretary South Kensington Museum, for courtesies extended during the compilation of this paper.

*(To be continued.)*

# QUASTANA, THE BRIGAND

FROM THE FRENCH OF

ALFONSE DAUDET

I.

MISADVENTURES? Well, if I were an author by profession, I could make a pretty big book of the administrative mishaps which befell me during the three years I spent in Corsica as legal adviser to the French Prefecture. Here is one which will probably amuse you:—

I had just entered upon my duties at Ajaccio. One morning I was at the club, reading the papers which had just arrived from Paris, when the Prefect's man-servant brought me a note, hastily written in pencil: "Come at once; I want you. We have got the brigand, Quastana." I uttered an exclamation of joy, and went off as fast as I could to the Prefecture. I must tell you that, under the Empire, the arrest of a Corsican *banditto* was looked upon as a brilliant exploit, and meant promotion, especially if you threw a certain dash of romance about it in your official report.

Unfortunately brigands had become scarce. The people were getting more civilized and the *vendetta* was dying out. If by chance a man did kill another in a row, or do something which made it advisable for him to keep clear of the police, he generally bolted to Sardinia instead of turning brigand. This was not to our liking; for no brigand, no promotion. However, our Prefect had succeeded in finding one; he was an old rascal, Quastana by name, who, to avenge the murder of his brother, had killed goodness knows how many people. He had been pursued with vigour, but had escaped, and after a time the hue and cry had subsided and he had been forgotten. Fifteen years had passed, and the man had lived in seclusion; but our Prefect, having heard of the affair and obtained a clue to his whereabouts, endeavoured to capture him, with no more success than his predecessor. We were beginning to despair of our promotion; you can, therefore, imagine how pleased I was to receive the note from my chief.

I found him in his study, talking very confidentially to a man of the true Corsican peasant type.

"This is Quastana's cousin," said the Prefect to me, in a low tone. "He lives in the little village of Solenzara, just above Porto-Vecchio, and the brigand pays him a visit every Sunday evening to have a game of *scopa*. Now, it seems that these two had some words the other Sunday, and this fellow has determined to have revenge; so he proposes to hand his cousin over to justice, and, between you and me, I believe he means it.

But as I want to make the capture myself, and in as brilliant a manner as possible, it is advisable to take precautions in order not to expose the Government to ridicule. That's what I want you for. You are quite a stranger in the country and nobody knows you; I want you to go and see for certain if it really is Quastana who goes to this man's house."

"But I have never seen this Quastana," I began.

My chief pulled out his pocket-book and drew forth a photograph much the worse for wear.

"Here you are!" he exclaimed. "The rascal had the cheek to have his portrait taken last year at Porto-Vecchio!"

While we were looking at the photo the peasant drew near, and I saw his eyes flash vengefully; but the look quickly vanished and his face resumed its usual stolid appearance.

"Are you not afraid that the presence of a stranger will frighten your cousin, and make him stay away on the following Sunday?" we asked.

"No!" replied the man. "He is too fond of cards. Besides, there are many new faces about here now on account of the shooting. I'll say that this gentleman has come for me to show him where the game is to be found."

Thereupon we made an appointment for the next Sunday, and the fellow walked off without the least compunction for his dirty trick. When he was gone, the Prefect impressed upon me the necessity for keeping the matter very quiet, because he intended that nobody else should share the credit of the capture. I assured him that I would not breathe a word, thanked him for his kindness in asking me to assist him, and we separated to go to our work and dream of promotion.

The next morning I set out in full shooting costume, and took the coach which does the journey from Ajaccio to Bastia. For those who love Nature, there is no better ride in the world, but I was too busy with my castles in the air to notice any of the beauties of the landscape.

At Bonifacio we stopped for dinner. When I got on the coach again, just a little elevated by the contents of a good-sized bottle, I found that I had a fresh travelling companion, who had taken a seat next to me. He was an official at Bastia, and I had already met him; a man about my own age, and a native of Paris like myself. A decent sort of fellow.

You are probably aware that the Administration, as represented by the Prefect, etc., and the magistrature never get on well together; in Corsica it is worse than elsewhere. The seat of the Administration is at Ajaccio, that of the magistrature at Bastia; we two therefore belonged to hostile parties. But when you are a long way from home and meet someone from your native place, you forget all else, and talk of the old country.

We were fast friends in less than no time, and were consoling each other for being in "exile" as we termed it. The bottle of wine had loosened my tongue, and I soon told him, in strict confidence, that I was looking forward to going back to France to take up some good post as a reward for my share in the capture of Quastana, whom we hoped to arrest at his cousin's house one Sunday evening. When my companion got off the coach at Porto-Vecchio, we felt as though we had known each other for years.

"I SET OUT IN FULL SHOOTING COSTUME.

II.

I ARRIVED at Solenzara between four and five o'clock. The place is populated in winter by workmen, fishermen, and Customs officials, but in summer everyone who can shifts his quarters up in the mountains on account of fever. The village was, therefore, nearly deserted when I reached it that Sunday afternoon.

I entered a small inn and had something to eat, while waiting for Matteo. Time went on, and the fellow did not put in an appearance; the innkeeper began to look at me suspiciously, and I felt rather uncomfortable. At last there came a knock, and Matteo entered.

"He has come to my house," he said, raising his hand to his hat. "Will you follow me there?"

We went outside. It was very dark and windy; we stumbled along a stony path for about three miles—a narrow path, full of small stones and overgrown with luxuriant vegetation, which prevented us from going quickly.

"'THAT'S MY HOUSE,' SAID MATTEO."

"That's my house," said Matteo, pointing among the bushes to a light which was flickering at a short distance from us.

A minute later we were confronted by a big dog, who barked furiously at us. One would have imagined that he meant to stop us going farther along the road.

"Here, Bruccio, Bruccio!" cried my guide; then, leaning towards me, he said: "That's Quastana's dog. A ferocious animal. He has no equal for keeping watch." Turning to the dog again, he called out: "That's all right, old fellow! Do you take us for policemen?"

The enormous animal quieted down and came and sniffed around our legs. It was a splendid Newfoundland dog, with a thick, white, woolly coat which had obtained for him the name of Bruccio (white cheese). He ran on in front of us to the house, a kind of stone hut, with a large hole in the roof which did duty for both chimney and window.

In the centre of the room stood a rough table, around which were several "seats" made of portions of trunks of trees, hacked into shape with a chopper. A torch stuck in a piece of wood gave a flickering light, around which flew a swarm of moths and other insects.

At the table sat a man who looked like an Italian or Provençal fisherman, with a shrewd, sunburnt, clean-shaven face. He was leaning over a pack of cards, and was enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Cousin Quastana," said Matteo as we went in, "this is a gentleman who is going shooting with me in the morning. He will sleep here to-night, so as to be close to the spot in good time to-morrow."

When you have been an outlaw and had to fly for your life, you look with suspicion upon a stranger. Quastana looked me straight in the eyes for a second; then, apparently satisfied, he saluted me and took no further notice of me. Two minutes later the cousins were absorbed in a game of *scopa*.

It is astonishing what a mania for card-playing existed in Corsica at that time—and it is probably the same now. The clubs and cafés were watched by the police, for the young men ruined themselves at a game

called *bouillotte*. In the villages it was the same; the peasants were mad for a game at cards, and when they had no money they played for their pipes, knives, sheep—anything.

I watched the two men with great interest as they sat opposite each other, silently playing the game. They watched each other's movements, the cards either face downwards upon the table or carefully held so that the opponent might not catch a glimpse of them, and gave an occasional quick glance at their "hand" without losing sight of the other player's face. I was especially interested in watching Quastana. The photograph was a very good one, but it could not reproduce the sunburnt face, the vivacity and agility of movement, surprising in a man of his age, and the hoarse, hollow voice peculiar to those who spend most of their time in solitude.

Between two and three hours passed in this way, and I had some difficulty in keeping awake in the stuffy air of the hut and the long stretches of silence broken only by an occasional exclamation: "Seventeen!" "Eighteen!" From time to time I was aroused by a heavy gust of wind, or a dispute between the players.

Suddenly there was a savage bark from Bruccio, like a cry of alarm. We all sprang up, and Quastana rushed out of the door, returning an instant afterwards and seizing his gun. With an exclamation of rage he darted out of the door again and was gone. Matteo and I were looking at one another in surprise, when a dozen armed men entered and called upon us to surrender. And in less time than it takes to tell you we were on the ground, bound, and prisoners. In vain I tried to make the gendarmes understand who I was; they would not listen to me. "That's all right; you will have an opportunity of making an explanation when we get to Bastia."

They dragged us to our feet and drove us out with the butt-ends of their carbines. Handcuffed, and pushed about by one and another, we reached the bottom of the slope, where a prison-van was waiting for us—a vile box, without ventilation and full of vermin—into which we were thrown and driven to Bastia, escorted by gendarmes with drawn swords.

A nice position for a Government official!

## III.

It was broad daylight when we reached Bastia. The Public Prosecutor, the colonel of the gendarmes, and the governor of the prison were impatiently awaiting us. I never saw a man look more astonished than the corporal in charge of the escort, as, with a triumphant smile, he led me to these gentlemen, and saw them hurry towards me with

"HE DARTED OUT OF THE DOOR AGAIN."

all sorts of apologies, and take off the handcuffs.

"What! Is it *you?*" exclaimed the Public Prosecutor. "Have these idiots really arrested *you?* But how did it come about—what is the meaning of it?"

Explanations followed. On the previous day the Public Prosecutor had received a telegram from Porto-Vecchio, informing him of the presence of Quastana in the locality, and giving precise details as to where and when he could be found. The name of Porto-Vecchio opened my eyes; it was that travelling companion of mine who had played me this shabby trick! He was the Prosecutor's deputy.

"EXPLANATIONS."

"But, my dear sir," said the Public Prosecutor, "whoever would have expected to see you in shooting costume in the house of the brigand's cousin! We have given you rather a bad time of it, but I know you will not bear malice, and you will prove it by coming to breakfast with me." Then turning to the corporal, and pointing to Matteo, he said: "Take this fellow away; we will deal with him in the morning."

The unfortunate Matteo remained dumb with fright; he looked appealingly at me, and I, of course, could not do otherwise than explain matters. Taking the Prosecutor on one side, I told him that Matteo was really assisting the Prefect to capture the brigand; but as I told him all about the matter, his face assumed a hard, judicial expression.

"I am sorry for the Prefecture," he said; "but I have Quastana's cousin, and I won't let him go! He will be tried with some peasants, who are accused of having supplied the brigand with provisions."

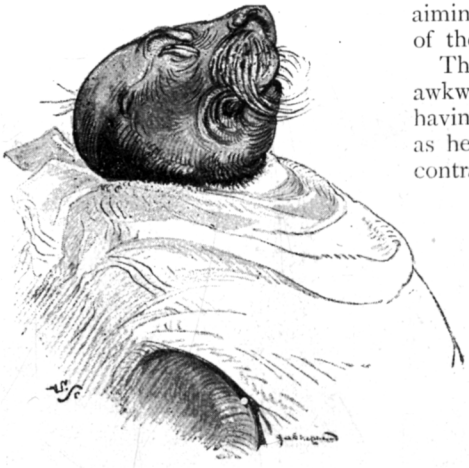
"But I repeat that this man is really in the service of the Prefecture," I protested.

"So much the worse for the Prefecture," said he with a laugh. "I am going to give the Administration a lesson it won't forget, and teach it not to meddle with what doesn't concern it. There is only one brigand in Corsica, and you want to take him! He's my game, I tell you. The Prefect knows that, yet he tries to forestall me! Now I will pay him out. Matteo shall be tried; he will, of course, appeal to your side; there will be a great to-do, and the brigand will be put on his guard against his cousin and gentlemen of the Prefecture who go shooting."

Well, he kept his word. We had to appear on behalf of Matteo, and we had a nice time of it in the court. I was the laughing-stock of the place. Matteo was acquitted, but he could no longer be of use to us, because Quastana was forewarned. He had to quit the country.

As to Quastana, he was never caught. He knew the country, and every peasant was secretly ready to assist him; and although the soldiers and gendarmes tried their best to take him, they could not manage it. When I left the island he was still at liberty, and I have never heard anything about his capture since.

THE seal is an affable fellow, though sloppy. He is friendly to man; providing the journalist with copy, the diplomatist with lying practice, and the punster with shocking opportunities. Ungrateful for these benefits, however, or perhaps savage at them, man responds by knocking the seal on the head and taking his skin; an injury which the seal avenges by driving man into the Bankruptcy Court with bills for his wife's jackets. The puns instigated by the seal are of a sort to make one long for the animal's extermination. It is quite possible that this is really what the seal wants, because to become extinct and to occupy a place of honour beside the dodo is a distinction much coveted amongst the lower animals. The dodo was a squabby, ugly, dumpy, not to say fat-headed, bird when it lived; now it is a hero of romance. Possibly this is what the seal is



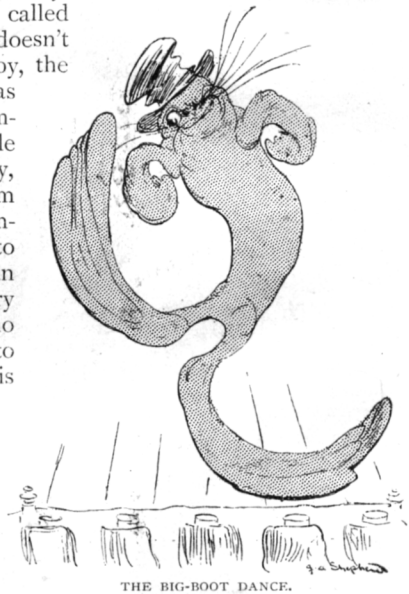
A SHAVE.

aiming at; but personally I should prefer the extinction of the punster.

The punster is a low person, who refers to the awkwardness of the seal's gait by speaking of his not having his seal-legs, although a mariner—or a sealubber, as he might express it. If you reply that, on the contrary, the seal's legs, such as they are, are very characteristic, he takes refuge in the atrocious admission, delivered with a French accent, that they are certainly very sealy legs. When he speaks of the messages of the English Government, in the matter of seal-catching in the Behring Sea, he calls it whitewashing the sealing, and explains that the "Behrings of this here observation lies in the application on it." I once even heard a punster remark that the Russian and American officials had got rather out of their Behrings, through an excess of seal on behalf of their Governments; but he was a very sad specimen, in a very advanced stage, and he is dead now. I don't say that that remark sealed his fate, but I believe there are people who would say even that, with half a chance.

Another class of frivoller gets his opportunity because it is customary to give various species of seals—divers species, one might say—inappropriate names. He tells you that if you look for sea-lions and sea-leopards, you will not see lions, nor even see leopards, but seal-lions and seal-leopards, which are very different. These are called lions and leopards because they look less like lions and leopards than anything else in the world; just as the harp seal is so called because he has a broad mark on his back, which doesn't look like a harp. Look at Toby, the Patagonian sea-lion here, who has a large pond and premises to himself. I have the greatest possible respect and esteem for Toby, but I shouldn't mistake him for a lion, in any circumstances. With every wish to spare his feelings, one can only compare him to a very big slug in an overcoat, who has had the misfortune to fall into the water. Even his moustache isn't lion-like. Indeed, if he would only have a white cloth tucked round his neck, and sit back in that chair that stands over his pond, he would look very respectably human—and he certainly wants a shave.

TOBY—BEHIND.



THE BIG-BOOT DANCE.

Toby is a low-comedy sea-lion all over. When I set about organizing the Zoo Nigger Minstrels, Toby shall be corner-man, and do the big-boot dance. He does it now, capitally. You have only to watch him from behind as he proceeds along the edge of the pond, to see the big-boot dance in all its quaint humour. Toby's hind flappers exhale broad farce at every step. Toby is a cheerful and laughter-moving seal, and he would do capitally in a pantomime, if he were a little less damp.

Toby is fond of music; so are most other seals. The complete scale of the seal's preferences among the various musical instruments has not been fixed with anything like finality; but one thing is certain—that far and away above all the rest of the

THE SEAL ROW.

things designed to produce music and other noises, the seal prefers the bagpipes. This taste either proves the seal to be a better judge of music than most human beings, or a worse one than any of the other animals, according as the gentle reader may be a native of Scotland or of somewhere in the remainder of the world. You may charm seals by the bagpipes just as a snake is charmed by pipes with no bag. It has even been suggested that all the sealing vessels leaving this country should carry bag pipes with them, and I can see no sound objection to this course—so long as they take all the bagpipes. I could also reconcile myself to a general extrusion of concertinas for this useful purpose—or for any other; not to mention barrel organs.

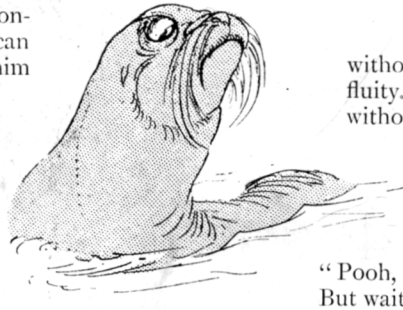
By-the-bye, on looking at Toby again I think we might do something better for him than give him a mere part in a pantomime; his fine moustache and his shiny hair almost point to a qualification for managership. Nothing more is wanted—except, perhaps, a fur-trimmed coat and a well-oiled hat—to make a very fine manager indeed, of a certain sort.

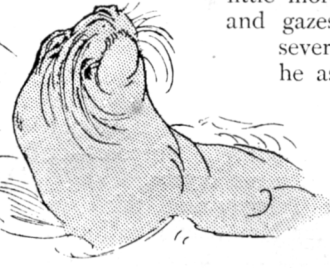
A VERY FINE MANAGER.

I don't think there is a Noah's ark seal—unless the Lowther Arcade theology has been amended since I had a Noah's ark. As a matter of fact, I don't see what business a seal would have in the ark, where he would find no fish to eat, and would occupy space wanted by a more necessitous animal who couldn't swim. At any rate, there was originally no seal in my Noah's ark, which dissatisfied me, as I remember, at the time; what I wanted not being so much a Biblical illustration as a handy zoological collection. So I appointed the dove a seal, and he did very well indeed when I had pulled off his legs (a little inverted v). I argued, in the first place, that as the dove went out and found nothing to alight on, the legs were of no use to him; in the second place, that since, after all, the dove flew away and never returned, the show would be pretty well complete without him; and, thirdly, that if, on

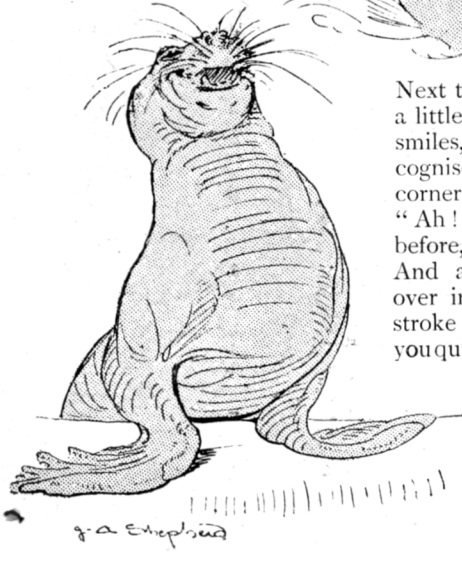
any emergency, a dove were imperatively required, he would do quite well without his legs—looking, indeed, much more like a dove, as well as much more like a seal. So, as the dove was of about the same size as the cow, he made an excellent seal; his bright yellow colour (Noah's was a yellow dove on the authority of all orthodox arks) rather lending an air of distinction than otherwise. And when a rashly funny uncle, who understood wine, observed that I was laying down my crusted old-yellow seal because it wouldn't stand up, I didn't altogether understand him.

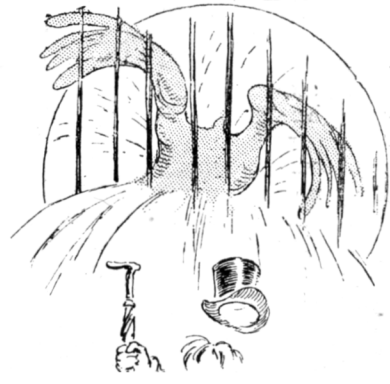
Toby is a good soul, and you soon make his acquaintance. He never makes himself common, however. As he swims round his circular pond, behind the high rails, he won't have anything to say to a stranger—anybody he has not seen before. But if you wait a few minutes he will swim round several times, see you often, and become quite affable. There is nothing more intelligent than a tame seal, and I have heard people regret that seals can't talk, which is nonsense. When a seal can make you understand him without it, talking is a noisy superfluity. Toby can say many things without the necessity of talking. Observe his eyes fixed upon you as he approaches for the first time. He turns and swaps past with his nose in the air. "Pooh, don't know you," he is saying. But wait. He swims round once, and, the next time of passing, gives you a little more notice. He lifts his head and gazes at you, inquisitively, but severely. "Who's that person?" he asks, and goes on his round.





Next time he rises even a little more. He even smiles, slightly, as he recognises you from the corner of his eye. "Ah! seen you before, I fancy." And as he flings over into the side stroke he beams at you quite tolerantly.



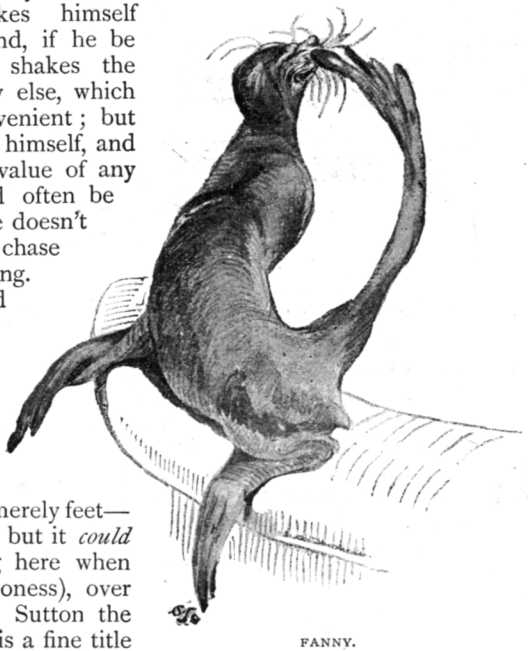



He comes round again; but this time he smiles genially, and nods. "'Morning!" he says, in a manner of a moderately old acquaintance. But see next time; he is an old, intimate friend by this; a chum. He flings his fin-flappers upon the coping, leans toward the bars with an expansive grin and says: "Well, old boy, and how are you?"—as cordially and as loudly as possible without absolutely speaking the words. He will stay thus for a few moments' conversation, not entirely uninfluenced, I fear, by anticipations of fish. Then, in the case of your not being in the habit of carrying raw fish in your pockets, he takes his leave by the short process of falling headlong into his pond and flinging a good deal of it over you. There is no difficulty in becoming acquainted with Toby. If you will only wait a few minutes he will slop his pond over you with all the genial urbanity of an intimate relation. But you must wait for the proper forms of etiquette.

GOOD DOGGY!

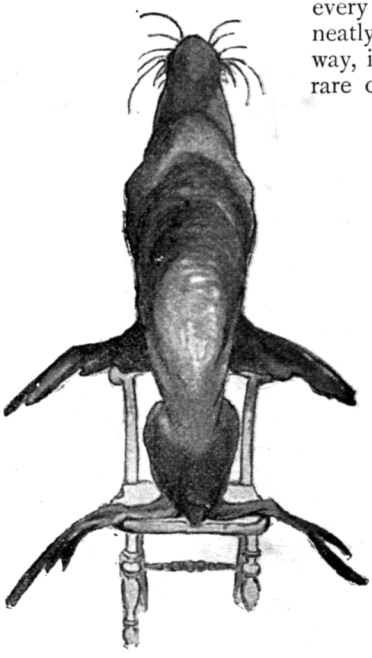
The seal's sloppiness is annoying. I would have a tame seal myself if he could go about without setting things afloat. A wet seal is unpleasant to pat and fondle, and if he climbs on your knees he is positively irritating. I suppose even a seal would get dry if you kept him out of water long enough; but *can* you keep a seal out of water while there is any within five miles for him to get into? And would the seal respect you for it if you did? A dog shakes himself dry after a swim, and, if he be your own dog, he shakes the water over somebody else, which is sagacious and convenient; but a seal doesn't shake himself, and can't understand that wet will lower the value of any animal's caresses. Otherwise a seal would often be preferable to a dog as a domestic pet. He doesn't howl all night. He never attempts to chase cats—seeing the hopelessness of the thing. You don't need a license for him; and there is little temptation to a loafer to steal him, owing to the restricted market for house-seals. I have frequently heard of a dog being engaged to field in a single-wicket cricket match. I should like to play somebody a single-wicket cricket match, with a dog and a seal to field for me. The seal, having no legs to speak of—merely feet—would have to leave the running to the dog, but it *could* catch. You may see magnificent catching here when Toby and Fanny—the Cape sea-lion (or lioness), over by the turkeys—have their snacks of fish. Sutton the Second, who is Keeper of the Seals (which is a fine title

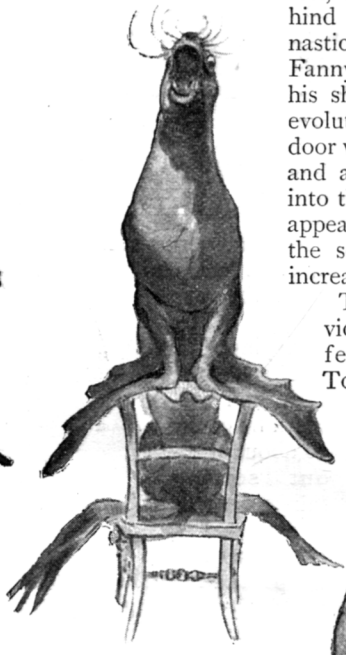
"CAUGHT, SIR!"



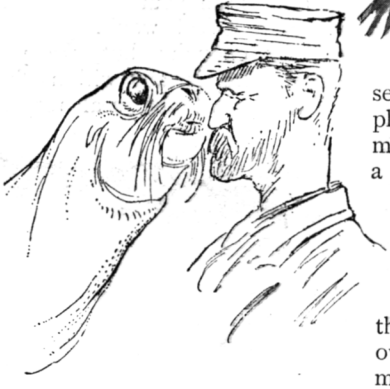
FANNY.

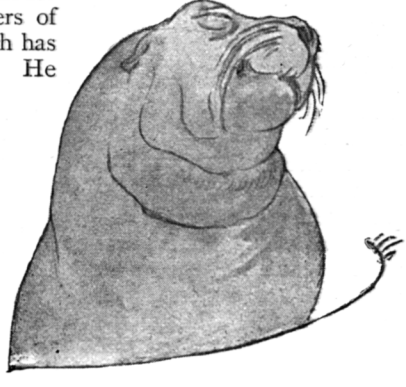
—rather like a Cabinet Minister), is then the source of a sort of pyrotechnic shower of fish, every one of which is caught and swallowed promptly and neatly, no matter how or where it may fall. Fanny, by the way, is the most active seal possible; it is only on extremely rare occasions that she indulges in an interval of comparative rest, to scratch her head with her hind foot and devise fresh gymnastics. But, all through the day, Fanny never forgets Sutton, nor his shower of fish, and half her evolutions include a glance at the door whence he is wont to emerge, and a sort of suicidal fling back into the pond in case of his non-appearance, all which proceedings the solemn turkeys regard with increasing amazement.





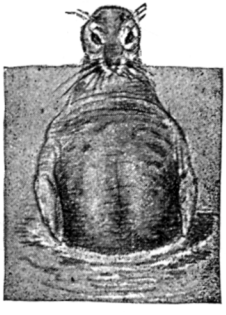
Toby, however, provides the great seal-feeding show. Toby has a perfect set of properties and appliances for his performance, including a chair, a diving platform, an inclined plane leading thereunto, and a sort of plank isthmus leading to the chair. He climbs up on to the chair, and, leaning over the back, catches as many fish as Sutton will throw for him. He dives off the chair for other fish. He shuffles up the inclined plane for more fish, amid the sniggers of spectators, for Toby's march has no claim to magnificence. He tumbles himself unceremoniously off the platform, he clambers up and kisses Sutton (keeping his eye on the basket), and all for fish. It is curious to contrast the perfunctory affection with which Toby gets over the kiss and takes his reward, with the genuine fondness

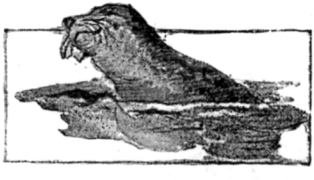




of his gaze after Sutton when he leaves—with some fish remaining for other seals. Toby is a willing worker; he would gladly have the performance twice as long, while as to an eight hours' day——!

The seals in the next pond, Tommy and Jenny, are insulted with the epithet of "common" seals; but Tommy and Jenny are really very respectable, and if a seal do happen to be born only *Phoca vitulina*, he can't really help it, and doesn't deserve humiliation so long as he behaves himself. *Phoca vitulina* has as excellent power of reason as any other kind of seal—brain power, acquired, no doubt, from a continual fish diet. Tommy doesn't feel aggrieved at the slight put upon him, however, and has a proper notion of his own importance. Watch him rise from a mere floating patch—slowly, solemnly, and portentously, to take a look round. He looks to the left—nothing to interest a well-informed seal; to the front—nothing; to the right everything is in order, the weather is only so-so, but the rain keeps off, and there are no signs of that dilatory person with the fish; so Tommy flops in again, and becomes once more a floating patch, having conducted his little airing with proper dignity and self-respect. Really, there is nothing common in the manners of Tommy; there is, at any rate, one piece of rude mischief which he is never guilty of, but which many of the more aristocratic kinds of seal practise habitually. He doesn't throw stones.

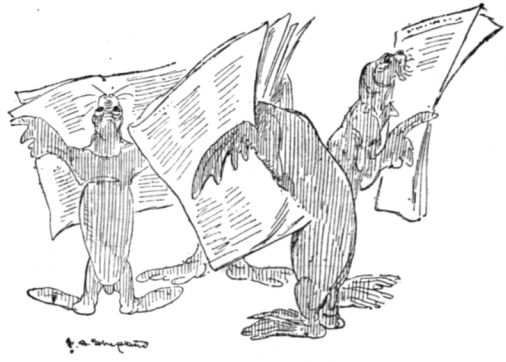




He doesn't look at all like a stone-thrower, as a matter of fact; but he—and other seals—*can* throw stones nevertheless. If you chase a seal over a shingly beach, he will scuffle away at a surprising pace, flinging up the stones into your face with his hind feet. This assault, directed toward a well-intentioned person who only wants to bang him on the head with a club, is a piece of grievous ill-humour, particularly on the part of the crested seal, who can blow up a sort of bladder on the top of his head which protects him from assault; and which also gives him, by-the-bye, an intellectual and large-brained appearance not his due, for all his fish diet. I had been thinking of making some sort of a joke about an aristocratic seal with a crest on it—beside a fine coat with no arms—but gave up the undertaking on reflecting that no real swell—probably not even a parvenu—would heave half-bricks with his feet.

FISH DIET.

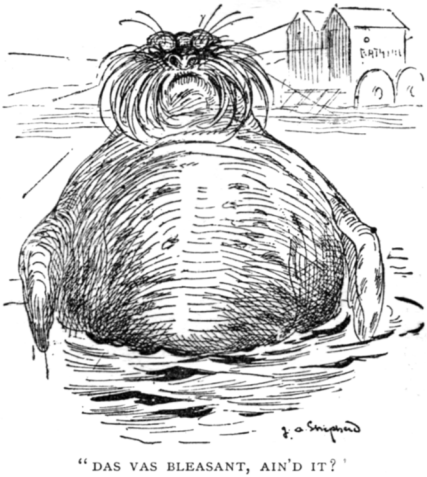
All this running away and hurling of clinkers may seem to agree ill with the longing after extermination lately hinted at; but, in fact, it only proves the presence of a large amount of human nature in the composition of the seal. From motives of racial pride the seal aspires to extinction and a place beside the dodo, but in the spirit of many other patriots, he wants the other seals to be exterminated first; wants the individual honour, in fact, of being himself the very last seal, as well as the corporate honour of extinction for the species. This is why, if he live in some other part, he takes such delighted interest in news of wholesale seal slaughter in the Pacific; and also why he skedaddles from the well-meant bangs of the genial hunter—these blows, by the way, being technically described as sealing-whacks.



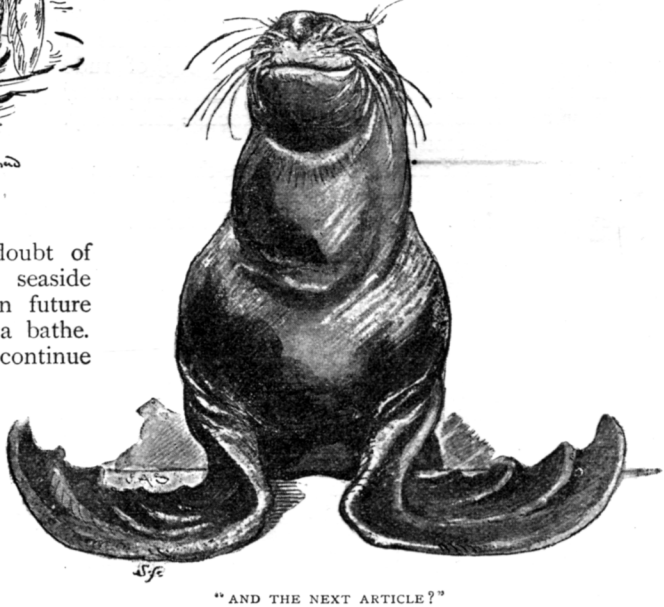
INTEREST IN THE NEWS.

The sea-lion, as I have said, is not like a lion; the sea-leopard is not like a leopard; but the sea-elephant, which is another sort of seal, and a large one, may possibly be considered sufficiently like an elephant to have been evolved, in the centuries, from an elephant who has had the ill-luck to fall into the sea. He hasn't much of a trunk left, but he often finds himself in seas of a coldness enough to nip off any ordinary trunk; but his legs and feet are not elephantine.

What the previous adventures of the sea-lion may have been in the matter of evolution, I am at a loss to guess, unless there is anything in the slug theory; but if he keep steadily on, and cultivate his moustache and his stomach with proper assiduity, I have no doubt of his one day turning up at a seaside resort and carrying on life in future as a fierce old German out for a bathe. Or the Cape sea-lion, if only he continue his obsequious smile and his habit of planting his fore-flappers on the ledge before him as he rises from the water, may some day, in his posterity, be promoted to a place behind the counter of a respectable drapery warehouse, there to sell the skins his relatives grow.



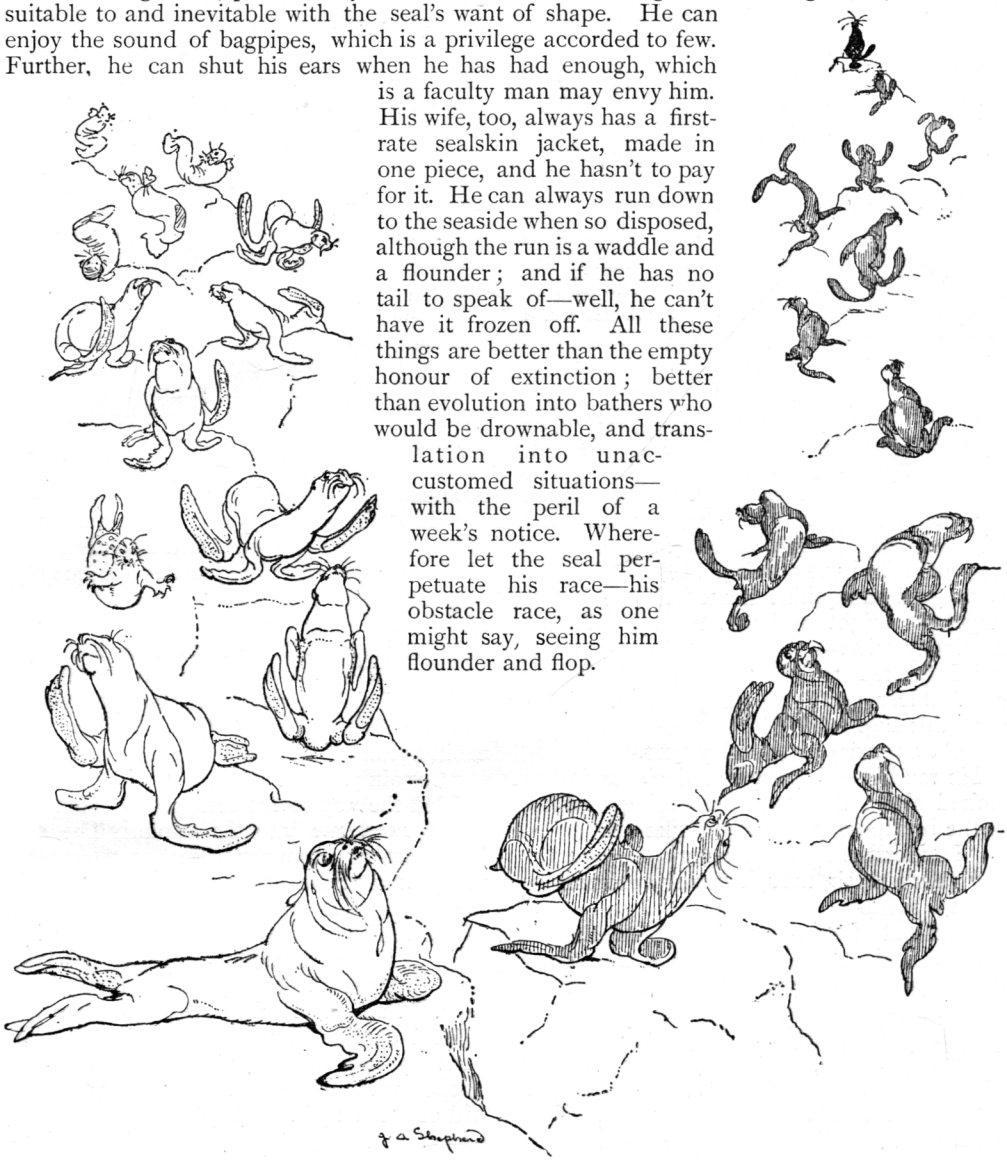
"DAS VAS BLEASANT, AIN'D IT?"



"AND THE NEXT ARTICLE?"

But after all, any phocine ambition, either for extinction or higher evolution, may be an empty thing; because the seal is very comfortable as he is. Consider a few of his

advantages. He has a very fine fur overcoat, with an admirable lining of fat, which, as well as being warm, permits any amount of harmless falling and tumbling about, such as is suitable to and inevitable with the seal's want of shape. He can enjoy the sound of bagpipes, which is a privilege accorded to few. Further, he can shut his ears when he has had enough, which is a faculty man may envy him. His wife, too, always has a first-rate sealskin jacket, made in one piece, and he hasn't to pay for it. He can always run down to the seaside when so disposed, although the run is a waddle and a flounder; and if he has no tail to speak of—well, he can't have it frozen off. All these things are better than the empty honour of extinction; better than evolution into bathers who would be drownable, and translation into unaccustomed situations—with the peril of a week's notice. Wherefore let the seal perpetuate his race—his obstacle race, as one might say, seeing him flounder and flop.



# *The Major's Commission.*

By W. Clark Russell.

Y name is Henry Adams, and in 1854 I was mate of a ship of 1,200 tons named the *Jessamy Bride.* June of that year found her at Calcutta with cargo to the hatches, and ready to sail for England in three or four days.

I was walking up and down the ship's long quarter-deck, sheltered by the awning, when a young apprentice came aft and said a gentleman wished to speak to me. I saw a man standing in the gangway; he was a tall, soldierly person, about forty years of age, with iron-grey hair and spiked moustache, and an aquiline nose. His eyes were singularly bright and penetrating. He immediately said :—

"I wanted to see the captain; but as chief officer you'll do equally well. When does this ship sail?"

"On Saturday or Monday next."

He ran his eye along the decks and then looked aloft: there was something bird-like in the briskness of his way of glancing.

"I understand you don't carry passengers?"

"That's so, sir, though there's accommodation for them."

"I'm out of sorts, and have been sick for months, and want to see what a trip round the Cape to England will do for me. I shall be going home, not for my health only, but on a commission. The Maharajah of Ratnagiri, hearing I was returning to England on sick-leave, asked me to take charge of a very splendid gift for Her Majesty the Queen of England. It is a diamond, valued at fifteen thousand pounds."

He paused to observe the effect of this communication, and then proceeded :—

"I suppose you know how the Koh-i-noor was sent home?"

"It was conveyed to England, I think," said I, "by H.M.S. *Medea*, in 1850."

"Yes, she sailed in April that year, and arrived at Portsmouth in June. The glorious gem was intrusted to Colonel Mackieson and Captain Ramsay. It was locked up in a small box along with other jewels, and each officer had a key. The box was secreted in the ship by them, and no man on board the vessel, saving themselves, knew where it was hidden."

"Was that so?" said I, much interested.

"Yes; I had the particulars from the commander of the vessel, Captain Lockyer. When do you expect your skipper on board?" he exclaimed, darting a bright, sharp look around him.

"I cannot tell. He may arrive at any moment."

"The having charge of a stone valued at fifteen thousand pounds, and intended as a gift for the Queen of England, is a deuce of a responsibility," said he. "I shall borrow a hint from the method adopted in the case of the Koh-i-noor. I intend to hide the stone in my cabin, so as to extinguish all risk, saving, of course, what the insurance people call the acts of God. May I look at your cabin accommodation?"

"Certainly."

I led the way to the companion hatch, and he followed me into the cabin. The ship had berthing room for eight or ten people irrespective of the officers who slept aft. But the vessel made no bid for passengers. She left them to Blackwall Liners, to the splendid ships of Green, Money Wigram, and Smith, and to the P. & O. and other steam lines. The overland route was then the general choice; few of their own decision went by way of the Cape. No one had booked with us down to this hour, and we had counted upon having the cabin to ourselves.

The visitor walked into every empty berth, and inspected it as carefully as though he had been a Government surveyor. He beat upon the walls and bulkheads with his cane, sent his brilliant gaze into the corners and under the bunks and up at the ceiling, and finally said, as he stepped from the last of the visitable cabins :—

"This decides me. I shall sail with you."

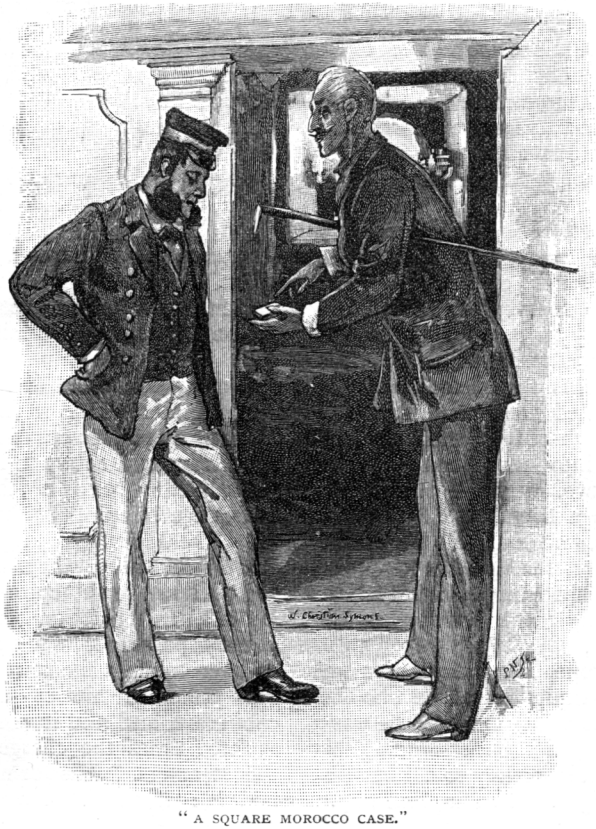
I bowed and said I was sure the captain would be glad of the pleasure of his company.

"I presume," said he, "that no objection will be raised to my bringing a native carpenter aboard to construct a secret place, as in the case of the Koh-i-noor, for the Maharajah's diamond?"

"I don't think a native carpenter would be allowed to knock the ship about," said I.

"Certainly not. A little secret receptacle — big enough to receive this," said he, putting his hand in his side pocket and producing a square Morocco case, of a size to berth a bracelet or a large brooch. "The construction of a nook to conceal this will not be knocking your ship about?"

"It's a question for the captain and the agents, sir," said I.



"A SQUARE MOROCCO CASE."

He replaced the case, whose bulk was so inconsiderable that it did not bulge in his coat when he had pocketed it, and said, now that he had inspected the ship and the accommodation, he would call at once upon the agents. He gave me his card and left the vessel.

The card bore the name of a military officer of some distinction. Enough if, in this narrative of a memorable and extraordinary incident, I speak of him as Major Byron Hood.

The master of the *Jessamy Bride* was Captain Robert North. This man had, three years earlier, sailed with me as my chief mate; it then happened I was unable to quickly obtain command, and accepted the offer of mate of the *Jessamy Bride*, whose captain, I was surprised to hear, proved the shipmate who had been under me, but who, some money having been left to him, had purchased an interest in the firm to which the ship belonged. We were on excellent terms; almost as brothers indeed. He never asserted his authority, and left it to my own judgment to recognise his claims. I am happy to know he had never occasion to regret his friendly treatment of me.

He came on board in the afternoon of that day on which Major Hood had visited the ship, and was full of that gentleman and his resolution to carry a costly diamond round the Cape under sail, instead of making his obligation as brief as steam and the old desert route would allow.

"I've had a long talk with him up at the agents," said Captain North. "He don't seem well."

"Suffering from his nerves, perhaps," said I.

"He's a fine, gentlemanly person. He told Mr. Nicholson he was twice wounded, naming towns which no Christian man could twist his tongue into the sound of."

"Will he be allowed to make a hole in the ship to hide his diamond in?"

"He has agreed to make good any damage done, and to pay at the rate of a fare and a half for the privilege of hiding the stone."

"Why doesn't he give the thing into your keeping, sir? This jackdaw-like hiding is a sort of reflection on our honesty, isn't it, captain?"

He laughed and answered, "No; I like such reflections for my part. Who wants to be burdened with the custody of precious things belonging to other people? Since he's to have the honour of presenting the diamond, let the worry of taking care of it be his; this ship's enough for me."

"He'll be knighted, I suppose, for delivering this stone," said I. "Did he show it to you, sir?"

"No."

"He has it in his pocket."

"He produced the case," said Captain North. "A thing about the size of a muffin. Where'll he hide it? But we're not to be curious in *that* direction," he added, smiling.

Next morning, somewhere about ten o'clock, Major Hood came on board with two natives; one a carpenter, the other his assistant. They brought a basket of tools, descended into the cabin, and were lost sight of till after two. No; I'm wrong. I was writing at the cabin table at half-past twelve when the Major opened his door, peered out, shut the door swiftly behind him with an extraordinary air and face of caution and anxiety, and coming along to me asked for some refreshments for himself and the two natives. I called to the steward, who filled a tray, which the Major with his own hands conveyed into his berth. Then, some time after two, whilst I was at the gangway talking to a friend, the Major and the two blacks came out of the cabin. Before they went over the side I said:—

"Is the work finished below, sir?"

"It is, and to my entire satisfaction," he answered.

When he was gone, my friend, who was the master of a barque, asked me who that fine-looking man was. I answered he was a passenger, and then, not understanding that the thing was a secret, plainly told him what they had been doing in the cabin, and why.

"But," said he, "those two niggers'll know that something precious is to be hidden in the place they've been making."

"That's been in my head all the morning," said I.

"Who's to hinder them," said he, "from blabbing to one or more of the crew? Treachery's cheap in this country. A rupee will buy a pile of roguery." He looked at me expressively. "Keep a bright look-out for a brace of well-oiled stowaways," said he.

"It's the Major's business," I answered, with a shrug.

When Captain North came on board he and I went into the Major's berth. We scrutinized every part, but saw nothing to indicate that a tool had been used or a plank lifted. There was no sawdust, no chip of wood: everything to the eye was precisely as before. No man will say we had not a right to look: how were we to make sure, as captain and mate of the ship for whose safety we were responsible, that those blacks under the eye of the Major had not been doing something which might give us trouble by-and-by?

"Well," said Captain North, as we stepped on deck, "if the diamond's already hidden, which I doubt, it couldn't be more snugly concealed if it were twenty fathoms deep in the mud here."

The Major's baggage came on board on the Saturday, and on the Monday we sailed. We were twenty-four of a ship's company all told: twenty-five souls in all, with Major Hood. Our second mate was a man named Mackenzie, to whom and to the apprentices whilst we lay in the river I had given particular instructions to keep a sharp look-out on all strangers coming aboard. I had been very vigilant myself too, and altogether was quite convinced there was no stowaway below, either white or black, though under ordinary circumstances one never would think of seeking for a native in hiding for Europe.

On either hand of the *Jessamy Bride's* cabin five sleeping berths were bulkheaded off. The Major's was right aft on the starboard side. Mine was next his. The captain occupied a berth corresponding with the Major's, right aft on the port side. Our solitary passenger was exceedingly amiable and agreeable at the start and for days after. He professed himself delighted with the cabin fare, and said it was not to be bettered at three times the charge in the saloons of the steamers. His drink he had himself laid in: it consisted mainly of claret and soda. He had come aboard with a large cargo of Indian cigars, and was never without a long, black weed, bearing some tongue-staggering, up-country name, betwixt his lips. He was primed with professional anecdote, had a thorough knowledge of life in India, both in the towns and wilds, had seen service in Burmah and China, and was altogether one of the most conversible soldiers I ever met: a scholar, something of a wit, and all that he said and all that he did was rendered the more engaging by grace of breeding.

Captain North declared to me he had never met so delightful a man in all his life, and the pleasantest hours I ever passed on the ocean were spent in walking the deck in conversation with Major Byron Hood.

For some days after we were at sea no reference was made either by the Major or ourselves to the Maharajah of Ratnagiri's splendid gift to Her Majesty the Queen.

"EXCEEDINGLY AMIABLE AND AGREEABLE."

The captain and I and Mackenzie viewed it as tabooed matter: a thing to be locked up in memory, just as, in fact, it was hidden away in some cunningly-wrought receptacle in the Major's cabin. One day at dinner, however, when we were about a week out from Calcutta, Major Hood spoke of the Maharajah's gift. He talked freely about it; his face was flushed as though the mere thought of the thing raised a passion of triumph in his spirits. His eyes shone whilst he enlarged upon the beauty and value of the stone.

The captain and I exchanged looks; the steward was waiting upon us with cocked ears, and that menial, deaf expression of face which makes you know every word is being greedily listened to. We might therefore make sure that before the first dog-watch came round all hands would have heard that the Major had a diamond in his cabin intended for the Queen of England, and worth fifteen thousand pounds. Nay, they'd hear even more than that; for in the course of his talk about the gem the Major praised the ingenuity of the Asiatic artisan, whether Indian or Chinese, and spoke of the hiding-place the two natives had contrived for the diamond as an example of that sort of juggling skill in carving which is found in perfection amongst the Japanese.

I thought this candour highly indiscreet: charged too with menace. A matter gains in significance by mystery. The Jacks would think nothing of a diamond being in the ship as a part of her cargo, which might include a quantity of specie for all they knew. But some of them might think more often about it than was at all desirable when they understood it was stowed away under a plank, or was to be got by tapping about for a hollow echo, or probing with the judgment of a carpenter when the Major was on deck and the coast aft all clear.

We had been three weeks at sea; it was a roasting afternoon, though I cannot exactly remember the situation of the ship. Our tacks were aboard and the bowlines triced out, and the vessel was scarcely looking up to her course, slightly heeling away from a fiery fanning of wind off the starboard bow, with the sea trembling under the sun in white-hot needles of broken light, and a narrow ribbon of wake glancing off into a hot blue thickness that brought the horizon within a mile of us astern.

I had charge of the deck from twelve to four. For an hour past the Major, cigar in mouth, had been stretched at his ease in a folding chair; a book lay beside him on the skylight, but he scarcely glanced at it. I had paused to address him once or twice, but he

"STRETCHED AT HIS EASE IN A FOLDING CHAIR."

showed no disposition to chat. Though he lay in the most easy lounging posture imaginable, I observed a restless, singular expression in his face, accentuated yet by the looks he incessantly directed out to sea, or glances at the deck forward, or around at the helm, so far as he might move his head without shifting his attitude. It was as though his mind were in labour with some scheme. A man might so look whilst working out the complicated plot of a play, or adjusting by the exertion of his memory the intricacies of a novel piece of mechanism.

On a sudden he started up and went below.

A few minutes after he had left the deck, Captain North came up from his cabin, and for some while we paced the planks together. There was a pleasant hush upon the ship; the silence was as refreshing as a fold of coolness lifting off the sea. A spun-yarn winch was clinking on the forecastle; from alongside rose the music of fretted waters.

I was talking to the captain on some detail of the ship's furniture, when Major Hood came running up the companion steps, his face as white as his waistcoat, his head uncovered, every muscle of his countenance rigid, as with horror.

"Good God, captain!" cried he, standing in the companion, "what do you think has happened?" Before we could fetch a breath he cried: "Someone's stolen the diamond!"

I glanced at the helmsman who stood at the radiant circle of wheel staring with open mouth and eyebrows arched into his hair. The captain, stepping close to Major Hood, said in a low, steady voice:—

"What's this you tell me, sir?"

"The diamond's gone!" exclaimed the Major, fixing his shining eyes upon me, whilst I observed that his fingers convulsively stroked his thumbs as though he were rolling up pellets of bread or paper.

"Do you tell me the diamond's been taken from the place you hid it in?" said Captain North, still speaking softly, but with deliberation.

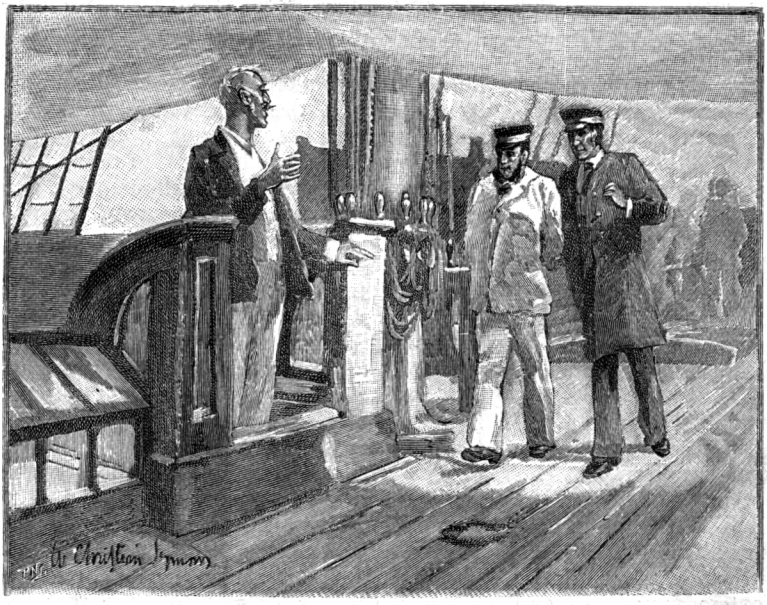
"The diamond never was hidden," replied the Major, who continued to stare at me. "It was in a portmanteau. *That's* no hiding-place!"

Captain North fell back a step. "Never was hidden!" he exclaimed. "Didn't you bring two native workmen aboard for no other purpose than to hide it?"

"It never was hidden," said the Major, now turning his eyes upon the captain. "I chose it should be believed it was undiscoverably concealed in some part of my cabin, that I might safely and conveniently keep it in my baggage, where no thief would dream of looking for it. Who has it?" he cried with a sudden fierceness, making a step full of passion out of the companion-way; and he looked under knitted brows towards the ship's forecastle.

Captain North watched him idly for a moment or two, and then with an abrupt swing of his whole figure, eloquent of defiant resolution, he stared the Major in the face, and said in a quiet, level voice:—

"I shan't be able to help you. If it's gone, it's gone. A diamond's not a bale of



"SOMEONE'S STOLEN THE DIAMOND!"

wool. Whoever's been clever enough to find it will know how to keep it."

"I must have it!" broke out the Major. "It's a gift for Her Majesty the Queen. It's in this ship. I look to you, sir, as master of this vessel, to recover the property which some one of the people under your charge has robbed me of!"

"I'll accompany you to your cabin," said the captain; and they went down the steps.

I stood motionless, gaping like an idiot into the yawn of hatch down which they had disappeared. I had been so used to think of the diamond as cunningly hidden in the Major's berth, that his disclosure was absolutely a shock with its weight of astonishment. Small wonder that neither Captain North nor I had observed any marks of a workman's tools in the Major's berth. Not but that it was a very ingenious stratagem, far cleverer to my way of thinking than any subtle, secret burial of the thing. To think of the Major and his two Indians sitting idly for hours in that cabin, with the captain and myself all the while supposing they were fashioning some wonderful contrivance or place for concealing the treasure in! And still, for all the Major's cunning, the stone was gone! Who had stolen it? The only fellow likely to prove the thief was the steward, not because he was more or less of a rogue than any other man in the ship, but because he was the one person who, by virtue of his office, was privileged to go in and out of the sleeping places as his duties required.

I was pacing the deck, musing into a sheer muddle this singular business of the Maharajah of Ratnagiri's gift to the Queen of England, with all sorts of dim, unformed suspicions floating loose in my brains round the central fancy of the fifteen thousand pound stone there, when the captain returned. He was alone. He stepped up to me hastily, and said:—

"He swears the diamond has been stolen. He showed me the empty case."

"Was there ever a stone in it at all?" said I.

"I don't think that," he answered, quickly; "there's no motive under Heaven to be imagined if the whole thing's a fabrication."

"What then, sir?"

"The case is empty, but I've not made up my mind yet that the stone's missing."

"The man's an officer and a gentleman."

"I know, I know!" he interrupted, "but still, in my opinion, the stone's not missing. The long and short of it is," he said, after a very short pause, with a careful glance at the skylight and companion hatch, "his behaviour isn't convincing enough. Something's wanting in his passion and his vexation."

"Sincerity!"

"Ah! I don't intend that this business shall trouble me. He angrily required me to search the ship for stowaways. Bosh! The second mate and steward have repeatedly overhauled the lazarette: there's nobody there."

"And if not there, then nowhere else," said I. "Perhaps he's got the forepeak in his head."

"I'll not have a hatch lifted," he exclaimed, warmly, "nor will I allow the crew to be troubled. There's been no theft. Put it that the stone is stolen. Who's going to find it in a forecastle full of men—a thing as big as half a bean perhaps? If it's gone, it's

gone, indeed, whoever may have it. But there's no go in this matter at all," he added, with a short, nervous laugh.

We were talking in this fashion when the Major joined us; his features were now composed. He gazed sternly at the captain and said, loftily:—

"What steps are you prepared to take in this matter?"

"None, sir."

His face darkened. He looked with a bright gleam in his eyes at the captain, then at me: his gaze was piercing with the light in it. Without a word he stepped to the side and, folding his arms, stood motionless.

I glanced at the captain; there was something in the bearing of the Major that gave shape, vague indeed, to a suspicion that had cloudily hovered about my thoughts of the man for some time past. The captain met my glance, but he did not interpret it.

When I was relieved at four o'clock by the second mate, I entered my berth, and presently, hearing the captain go to his cabin, went to him and made a proposal. He reflected, and then answered:—

"Yes; get it done."

After some talk I went forward and told the carpenter to step aft and bore a hole in the bulkhead that separated the Major's berth from mine. He took the necessary tools from his chest and followed me. The captain was now again on deck, talking with the Major; in fact, detaining him in conversation, as had been preconcerted. I went into the Major's berth, and quickly settled upon a spot for an eyehole. The carpenter then went to work in my cabin, and in a few minutes bored an orifice large enough to enable me to command a large portion of the adjacent interior. I swept the sawdust from the deck in the Major's berth, so that no hint should draw his attention to the hole, which was pierced in a corner shadowed by a shelf. I then told the carpenter to manufacture a plug and paint its extremity of the colour of the bulkhead. He brought me this plug in a quarter of an hour. It fitted nicely, and was to be withdrawn and inserted as noiselessly as though greased.

"THE CARPENTER WENT TO WORK."

I don't want you to suppose this Peeping-Tom scheme was at all to my taste, albeit my own proposal; but the truth is, the Major's telling us that someone had stolen his diamond made all who lived aft hotly eager to find out whether he spoke the truth or not; for, if he had been really robbed of the stone, then suspicion properly rested upon the officers and the steward, which was an *infernal* consideration: dishonouring and inflaming enough to drive one to seek a remedy in even a baser device than that of secretly keeping watch on a man in his bedroom. Then, again, the captain told me that the Major, whilst they talked when the carpenter was at work making the hole, had said he would give notice of his loss to the police at Cape Town (at which place we were to touch), and declared he'd take care no man went ashore—from Captain North himself down to the youngest apprentice—till every individual, every sea-chest, every locker, drawer, shelf and box, bunk, bracket and crevice had been searched by qualified rummagers.

On this the day of the theft, nothing more was said about the diamond: that is, after the captain had emphatically informed Major Hood that he meant to take no steps whatever in the matter. I had expected to find the Major sullen and silent at

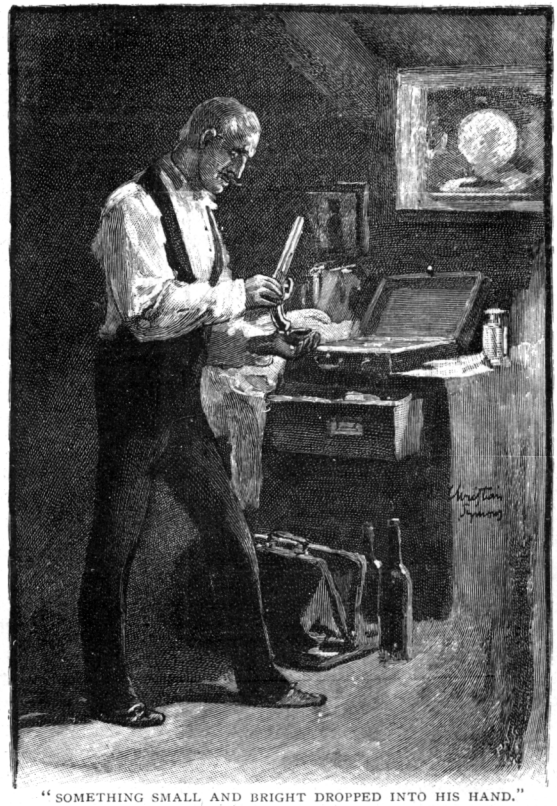
dinner; he was not, indeed, so talkative as usual, but no man watching and hearing him would have supposed so heavy a loss as that of a stone worth fifteen thousand pounds, the gift of an Eastern potentate to the Queen of England, was weighing upon his spirits.

It is with reluctance I tell you that, after dinner that day, when he went to his cabin, I softly withdrew the plug and watched him. I blushed whilst thus acting, yet I was determined, for my own sake and for the sake of my shipmates, to persevere. I spied nothing noticeable saving this: he sat in a folding chair and smoked, but every now and again he withdrew his cigar from his mouth and talked to it with a singular smile. It was a smile of cunning, that worked like some baleful, magical spirit in the fine high breeding of his features; changing his looks just as a painter of incomparable skill might colour a noble, familiar face into a diabolical expression, amazing those who knew it only in its honest and manly beauty. I had never seen that wild, grinning countenance on him before, and it was rendered the more remarkable by the movement of his lips whilst he talked to himself, but inaudibly.

A week slipped by; time after time I had the man under observation; often when I had charge of the deck I'd leave the captain to keep a look out, and steal below and watch Major Hood in his cabin.

It was a Sunday, I remember. I was lying in my bunk half dozing—we were then, I think, about a three-weeks' sail from Table Bay—when I heard the Major go to his cabin. I was already sick of my aimless prying; and whilst I now lay I thought to myself: "I'll sleep; what is the good of this trouble? I know exactly what I shall see. He is either in his chair, or his bunk, or overhauling his clothes, or standing, cigar in mouth, at the open porthole." And then I said to myself: "If I don't look now I shall miss the only opportunity of detection that may occur." One is often urged by a sort of instinct in these matters.

I got up, almost as through an impulse of habit, noiselessly withdrew the plug, and looked. The Major was at that instant standing with a pistol-case in his hand: he opened it as my sight went to him, took out one of a brace of very elegant pistols, put down the case, and on his apparently touching a spring in the butt of the pistol, the silver plate that ornamented the extremity sprang open as the lid of a snuff-box would, and something small and bright dropped into his hand. This he examined with the peculiar



"SOMETHING SMALL AND BRIGHT DROPPED INTO HIS HAND."

cunning smile I have before described; but owing to the position of his hand, I could not see what he held, though I had not the least doubt that it was the diamond.

I watched him breathlessly. After a few minutes he dropped the stone into the hollow butt-end, shut the silver plate, shook the weapon against his ear as though it pleased him to rattle the stone, then put it in its case, and the case into a portmanteau.

I at once went on deck, where I found the captain, and reported to him what I had seen. He viewed me in silence, with a stare of astonishment and incredulity. What I had seen, he said, was not the diamond. I told him the thing that had dropped into the Major's hand was bright, and, as I thought, sparkled, but it was so held I could not see it.

I was talking to him on this extraordinary affair when the Major came on deck. The captain said to me: "Hold him in chat. I'll judge for myself," and asked me to describe how he might quickly find the pistol-case. This I did, and he went below.

I joined the Major, and talked on the first subjects that entered my head. He was restless in his manner, inattentive, slightly flushed in the face; wore a lofty manner, and being half a head taller than I, glanced down at me from time to time in a condescending way. This behaviour in him was what Captain North and I had agreed to call his "injured air." He'd occasionally put it on to remind us that he was affronted by the captain's insensibility to his loss, and that the assistance of the police would be demanded on our arrival at Cape Town.

Presently looking down the skylight, I perceived the captain. Mackenzie had charge of the watch. I descended the steps, and Captain North's first words to me were:—

"It's no diamond!"

"What, then, is it?"

"A common piece of glass not worth a quarter of a farthing."

"What's it all about, then?" said I. "Upon my soul, there's nothing in Euclid to beat it. Glass?"

"A little lump of common glass; a fragment of bull's-eye, perhaps."

"What's he hiding it for?"

"Because," said Captain North, in a soft voice, looking up and around, "he's mad!"

"Just so!" said I. "That I'll swear to *now*, and I've been suspecting it this fortnight past."

"He's under the spell of some sort of mania," continued the captain; "he believes he's commissioned to present a diamond to the Queen; possibly picked up a bit of stuff in the street that started the delusion, then bought a case for it, and worked out the rest as we know."

"But why does he want to pretend that the stone was stolen from him?"

"He's been mastered by his own love for the diamond," he answered. "That's how I reason it. Madness has made his affection for his imaginary gem a passion in him."

"And so he robbed himself of it, you think, that he might keep it?"

"That's about it," said he.

After this I kept no further look-out upon the Major, nor would I ever take an opportunity to enter his cabin to view for myself the piece of glass as the captain described it, though curiosity was often hot in me.

We arrived at Table Bay in twenty-two days from the date of my seeing the Major with the pistol in his hand. His manner had for a week before been marked by an irritability that was often beyond his control. He had talked snappishly and petulantly at table, contradicted aggressively, and on two occasions gave Captain North the lie; but we had carefully avoided noticing his manner, and acted as though he were still the high bred, polished gentleman who had sailed with us from Calcutta.

The first to come aboard were the Customs people. They were almost immediately followed by the harbour-master. Scarcely had the first of the Custom House officers stepped over the side when Major Hood, with a very red face, and a lofty, dignified carriage, marched up to him, and said in a loud voice:—

"I have been robbed during the passage from Calcutta of a diamond worth fifteen thousand pounds, which I was bearing as a gift from the Maharajah of Ratnagiri to Her Majesty the Queen of England."

The Customs man stared with a lobster-like expression of face: no image could better hit the protruding eyes and brick-red countenance of the man.

"I request," continued the Major, raising his voice into a shout, "to be placed at once in communication with the police at this port. No person must be allowed to leave the vessel until he has been thoroughly searched by such expert hands as you and your *confrères* no doubt are, sir. I am Major Byron Hood. I have been twice wounded. My services are well known, and I believe duly appreciated in the right quarters. Her Majesty the Queen is not to suffer any disappointment at the hands of one who has the honour of wearing her uniform, nor am I to be compelled, by the act of a thief, to betray the confidence the Maharajah has reposed in me."

He continued to harangue in this manner for some minutes, during which I observed a change in the expression of the Custom House officers' faces.

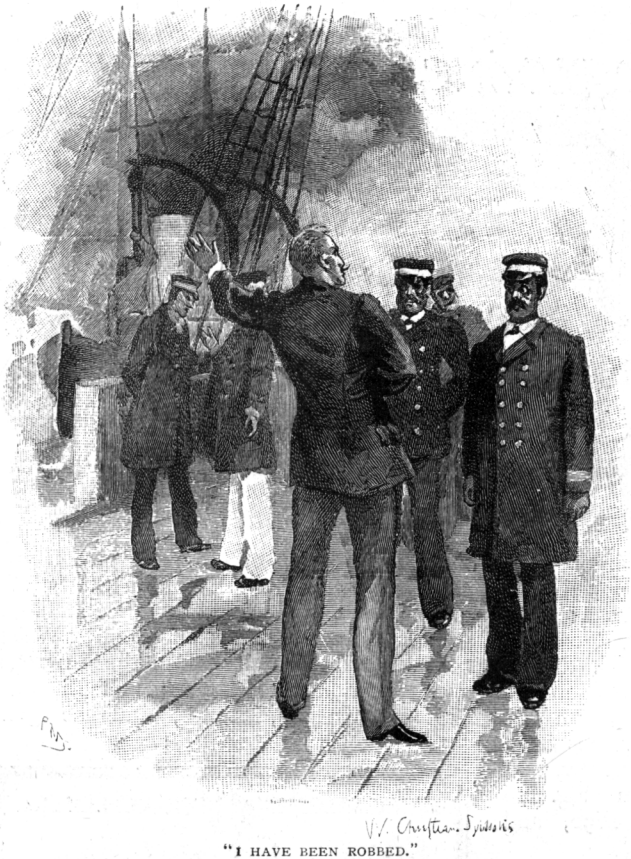
Meanwhile Captain North stood apart in earnest conversation with the harbour-master. They now approached; the harbour-master, looking steadily at the Major, exclaimed:—

"Good news, sir! Your diamond is found!"

"Ha!" shouted the Major. "Who has it?"

"You'll find it in your pistol-case," said the harbour-master.

The Major gazed round at us with his wild,



"I HAVE BEEN ROBBED."

bright eyes, with a face a-work with the conflict of twenty mad passions and sensations. Then bursting into a loud, insane laugh, he caught the harbour-master by the arm, and in a low voice and a sickening, transforming leer of cunning, said: "Come, let's go and look at it."

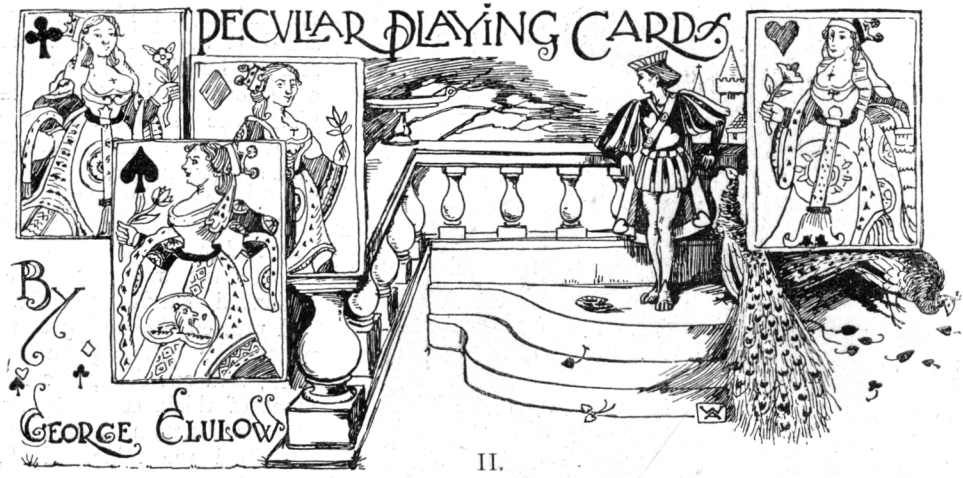
We went below. We were six, including two Custom House officers. We followed the poor madman, who grasped the harbour-master's arm, and on arriving at his cabin we stood at the door of it. He seemed heedless of our presence, but on his taking the pistol-case from the portmanteau, the two Customs men sprang forward.

"That must be searched by us," one cried, and in a minute they had it.

With the swiftness of experienced hands they found and pressed the spring of the pistol, the silver plate flew open, and out dropped a fragment of thick, common glass, just as Captain North had described the thing. It fell upon the deck. The Major sprang, picked it up, and pocketed it.

"Her Majesty will not be disappointed, after all," said he, with a courtly bow to us, "and the commission the Maharajah's honoured me with shall be fulfilled."

The poor gentleman was taken ashore that afternoon, and his luggage followed him. He was certified mad by the medical man at Cape Town, and was to be retained there, as I understood, till the arrival of a steamer for England. It was an odd, bewildering incident from top to bottom. No doubt this particular delusion was occasioned by the poor fellow, whose mind was then fast decaying, reading about the transmission of the Koh-i-noor, and musing about it with a madman's proneness to dwell upon little things.




II.

THE "foolish business" of Heraldry has supplied the motive for numerous packs of cards. Two only, however, can be here shown, though there are instructive examples of the latter half of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries from England, Scotland, France, Germany, and Italy. The example given in Fig. 16 is English, of the date of 1690, and the fifty-two cards of the pack give us the arms of the different European States, and of the peers of England and Scotland. A pack similar to this was engraved by Walter Scott, the Edinburgh goldsmith, in 1691, and is confined to the Arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and the great

FIG. 16.

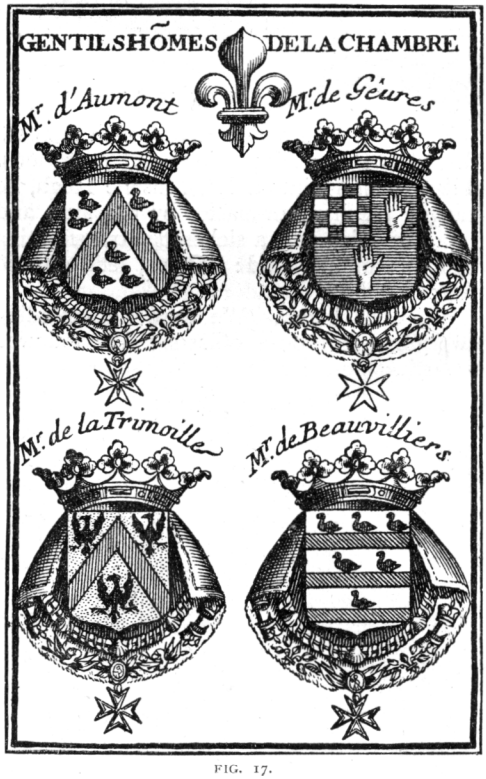



FIG. 17.

Scottish families of that date, prepared under the direction of the Lyon King of Arms, Sir Alexander Erskine. The French heraldic example (Fig. 17) is from a pack of the time of Louis XIV., with the arms of the French nobility and the nobles of other European countries; the "suit" signs of the pack being "Fleur de Lis," "Lions," "Roses," and "Eagles."

Caligraphy, even, has not been left without recognition, for we have a pack, published

FIG. 18.

in Nuremberg, in 1767, giving examples of written characters and of free-hand pen drawing, to serve as writing copies. We show the Nine of Hearts from this pack (Fig. 18), and the eighteenth century South German graphic idea of a Highlander of the period is amusing, and his valorous attitude is sufficiently satisfying.

Biography has, too, its place in this playing-card cosmography, though it has not many examples. The one we give (Fig. 19) is German, of about 1730, and is from a pack which depicts a series of heads of Emperors, poets, and historians, Greek and Roman—a summary of their lives and occurrences therein gives us their *raison d'être.*

Of Geographical playing cards there are

FIG. 19.

several examples in the second half of the seventeenth century. The one selected for illustration (Fig. 20) gives a sectional

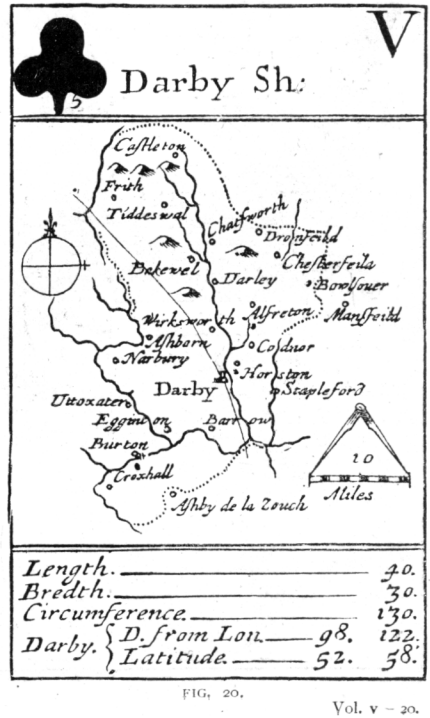



FIG. 20.

map of one of the English counties, each of the fifty-two cards of the pack having the map of a county of England and Wales, with its geographical limitations. These are among the more rare of old playing cards, and their gradual destruction when used as educational media will, as in the case of horn-books, and early children's books generally, account for this rarity. Perhaps the most interesting geographical playing cards which have survived this common fate, though they are the *ultima rarissima* of such cards, is the pack designed and engraved by H. Winstanley, "at Littlebury, in Essex," as we read on the Ace of Hearts. They appear to have been intended to afford instruction in geography and ethnology. Each of the cards has a descriptive account of one of the States or great cities of the world, and we have taken the King of Hearts (Fig. 21), with its description of England and the English, as the most interesting. The costumes are those of the time of James II., and the view gives us Old London Bridge, the Church of St. Mary Overy, on the south side of the Thames, and the Monument, then recently erected at the northern end of the bridge to commemorate the Great Fire, and which induced Pope's indignant lines :—

> "Where London's column, pointing to the skies
> Like a tall bully, lifts its head and—lies."

FIG. 21.

The date of the pack is about 1685, and it has an added interest from the fact that its designer was the projector of the first Eddystone Lighthouse, where he perished when it was destroyed by a great storm in 1703.

Music, too, is not forgotten, though on playing cards it is seen in smaller proportion than other of the arts. To the popularity of the "Beggar's Opera" of John Gay, that satirical attack upon the Government of Sir Robert Walpole, we are indebted for its songs and music appearing as the *motif* of the pack, from which we give here the Queen of Spades (Fig. 22),

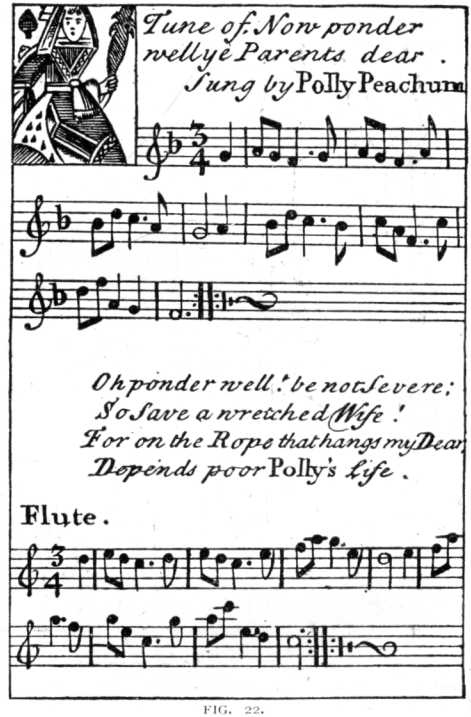



FIG. 22.

and the well-thumbed cards before us show that they were popular favourites. Their date may be taken as nearly coincident with that of the opera itself, viz., 1728. A further example of musical cards is given in Fig. 23, from a French pack of 1830, with its pretty piece of costume headgear, and its characteristic waltz music.

France has been prolific in what may be termed "Cartes de fantaisie," burlesque and satirical, not always designed, however, with due regard to the refinements of well-behaved communities. They are always spirited, and as specimens of inventive adaptation are worth notice. The example

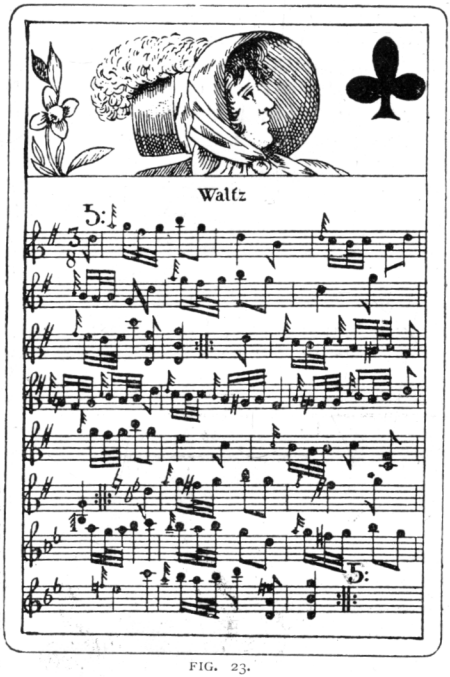



FIG. 23.

shown (Fig. 24) is from a pack of the year 1818, and is good of its class.

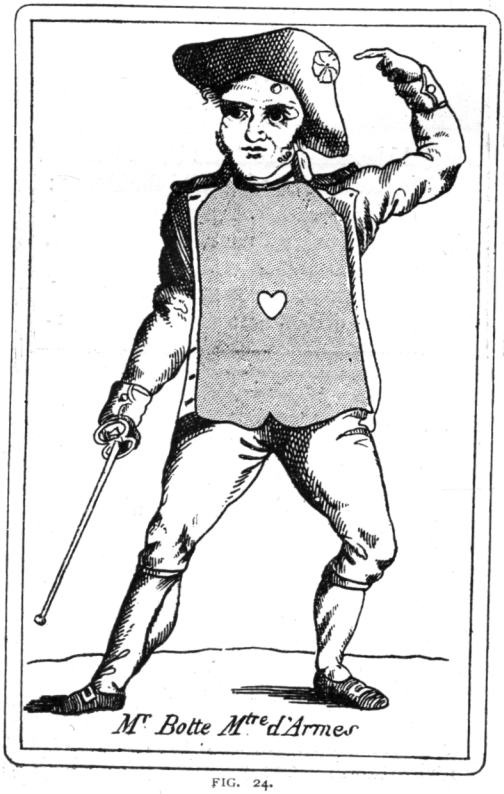



FIG. 24.

Of these "Cartes de fantaisie," each of the card-producing countries of Europe has at different dates produced examples of varying degrees of artistic value. Although not the best in point of merit, the most generally attractive of these are the packs produced in the years 1806-7-8 and 9, by the Tübingen bookseller, Cotta, and which were published in book form, as the "Karten Almanack," and also as ordinary packs. Every card has a design, in which the suit signs, or "pips," are brought in as an integral part, and admirable ingenuity is displayed in this adaptation; although not the best in the series, we give the Six of Hearts (Fig. 25),

FIG. 25.

as lending itself best to the purpose of reproduction, and as affording a fair instance of the method of design.

In England numerous examples of these illustrated playing cards have been produced of varying degrees of artistic merit, and, as one of the most amusing, we select the Knave of Spades from a pack of the year 1824 (Fig. 26). These cards are printed from copper-plates, and are coloured by hand, and show much ingenuity in the adaptation of the design to the form of the "pips."

Of the same class, but with more true

FIG. 26.

artistic feeling and treatment than the preceding, we give the Deuce of Clubs, from a pack with London Cries (Fig. 27), and another with Fables (Fig. 28), both

FIG. 27.

of which date from the earlier years of the last century, the former with the quaint costume and badge of a waterman, with his cry of "Oars! oars! do you want a boat?" In the middle distance the piers of Old London Bridge, and the house at its foot with overhanging gallery, make a pleasing old-time picture. The "Fables" cards are apparently from the designs of Francis Barlow, and are probably engraved by him; although we find upon some of them the name of J. Kirk, who, however, was the seller of the cards only, and who, as was not uncommon with the vendor of

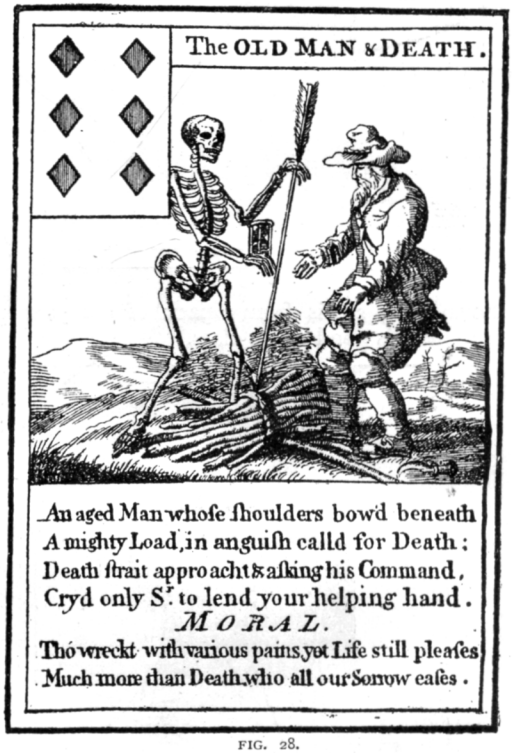



FIG. 28.

that time, in this way robbed the artist of what honour might belong to his work. Both of these packs are rare; that of the "Fables" is believed to be unique. Of a date some quarter of a century antecedent to those just described we have an amusing pack, in which each card has a collection of moral sentences, aphorisms, or a worldly-wise story, or —we regret in the interests of good behaviour to have to add—something very much the reverse of them. The larger portion of the card is occupied by a picture of considerable excellence in illustration of the text; and notwithstanding the peculiarity to which we

have referred as attaching to some of them, the cards are very interesting as studies of costume and of the manners of the time—of what served to amuse our ancestors two centuries ago—and is a curious compound survival of Puritan teaching and the license of the Restoration period. We give one of them in Fig. 29.

The Ace of Clubs, shown in Fig. 30, is from a pack issued in Amsterdam about 1710, and is a good example of the Dutch burlesque cards of the eighteenth century. The majority of them have local allusions, the meaning of which is now lost; and many of them are of a character which will not bear

FIG. 29.

reproduction. A better-known pack of Dutch cards is that satirizing the Mississippi scheme of 1716, and the victims of the notorious John Law—the "bubble" which, on its collapse, four years later, brought ruin to so many thousands.

Our space forbids the treatment of playing cards under any but their pictorial aspects, though the temptation is great to attempt some description of their use from an early period as instruments of divination or fortune telling, for which in the hands of the "wise man" or woman of various countries they are still used, and to which primary purpose the early "Tarots" were doubtless applied; but,

FIG. 30.

as it is among the more curious of such cards, we give the Queen of Hearts from a pack of the immediate post-Commonwealth period (Fig. 31). The figure is called Semiramis—without, so far as can be seen, any reason. It is one of a mélange of names for cards in

FIG. 31.

which Wat Tyler and Tycho Brahe rub shoulders in the suit of Spades, and Mahomet and Nimrod in that of Diamonds!

FIG. 32.

FIG. 33.

In the pack we find the Knave of Clubs named "Hewson" (not the card-maker of that name), but he who is satirized by Butler as "Hewson the Cobbler." Elsewhere he is called "One-eyed Hewson." He is shown with but one eye in the card bearing his name, and as it is contemporary, it may be a fair presentment of the man who, whatever his vices, managed under Cromwell to obtain high honours, and who was by him nominated a member of the House of Lords. The bitter prejudice of the time is shown in the story which is told of Hewson, that on the day the King was beheaded he rode from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange proclaiming that "whoever should say that Charles Stuart died wrongfully should suffer death." Among the *quasi*-educational uses of playing cards we find the curious work of Dr. Thomas Murner, whose "Logica Memorativa Chartiludium," published at Strassburg in 1507, is the earliest instance known to us of a distinct application of playing cards to education, though the author expressly disclaims any knowledge of cards. The method used by the Doctor was to make each card an aid to memory, though the method must have been a severe strain of memory in itself. One of them is here given (Fig. 32), the suit being the German one of Bells (Schnellen).

FIG. 34.

It would seem that hardly any branch of human knowledge had been overlooked in the adaptation of playing cards to an educational purpose, and they who still have them in mind under the designation of "the Devil's books," may be relieved to know that Bible history has been taught by the means of playing cards. In 1603 there was published a Bible History and Chronology, under the title of the "Geistliche Karten Spiel," where, much as Murner did in the instance we have given above, the cards were used as an aid to memory, the author giving to each of the suit signs the distinctive appellation of some character or incident in Holy Writ. And more recently Zuccarelli, one of the original members of our Royal Academy, designed and etched a pack of cards with the same intention.

In Southern Germany we find in the last century playing cards specially prepared for gifts at weddings and for use at the festivities attending such events. These cards bore conventional representations of the bride, the bridegroom, the musicians, the priest, and the guests, on horseback or in carriages, each with a laudatory inscription. The card shown in Fig. 33 is from a pack of this kind of about 1740, the Roman numeral I. indicating it as the first in a series of "Tarots" numbered consecutively from I. to XXI., the usual Tarot designs being replaced by the wedding pictures described above. The custom of presenting guests with a pack of cards has been followed by the Worshipful Company of Makers of Playing Cards, who at their annual banquet give to their guests samples of the productions of the craft with which they are identified, which are specially designed for the occasion.

To conclude this article — much too limited to cover so interesting a subject— we give an illustration (Fig. 34) from a pack of fifty-two playing cards of *silver*—every card being engraved upon a thin plate of that metal. They are probably the work of a late sixteenth century German goldsmith, and are exquisite examples of design and skill with the graver. They are in the possession of a well-known collector of all things beautiful, curious, and rare, by whose courteous permission this unique example appears here.

THE ARMS OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF MAKERS OF PLAYING CARDS, 1629.

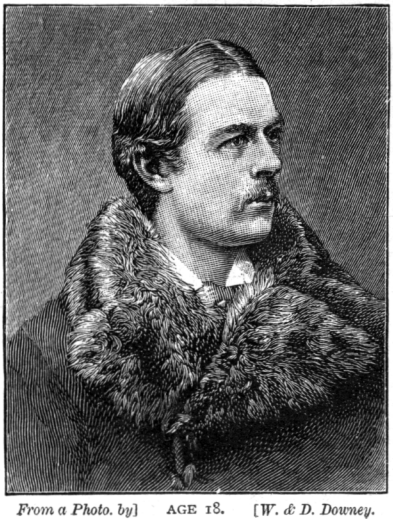
## LORD HOUGHTON.

BORN 1858.

LORD HOUGHTON, whose appointment to the post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland came somewhat as a surprise, is a Yorkshire landowner, and a son of the peer so well known both in literary and social circles as Richard Monckton Milnes, whose poems and prose writings alike will long keep his memory alive. This literary faculty has descended to the present peer, his recent volume of poems having been received by the best critics as bearing evidence of a true poetic gift. Lord Houghton, who served as a Lord-in-Waiting in Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1886, is a rich man and the reputed heir of Lord Crewe; he has studied and travelled, and has taken some share, though hitherto not a very prominent one, in politics. He is a widower, and his sister presides over his establishment.

*From a*] AGE 2. [*Photograph.*

*From a Photo. by*] AGE 13. [*Hills & Saunders.*



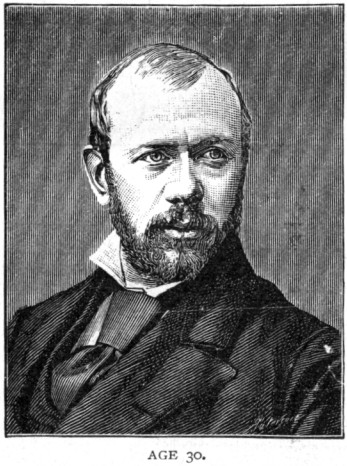
*From a Photo. by*] AGE 18. [*W. & D. Downey.*

PRESENT DAY.
*From a Photo. by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, W.C.*

AGE 16.
*From a Sketch in Crayons by Himself.*

## JOHN PETTIE, R.A.
BORN 1839.

MR. JOHN PETTIE was born in Edinburgh, and exhibited his earliest works in the Royal Scottish Academy. He came to London at the age of twenty-three, and at the age of twenty-seven was elected an A.R.A. His election to the distinction of R.A. took place when he was thirty-four, in the place of Sir Edwin



AGE 30.
*From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson, Aberdeen.*

Landseer. Mr. Pettie's portraits and historical pictures are within the knowledge of every reader—his armour, carbines, lances, broadswords, and pistols are well-known features in every year's Academy—for his subjects are chiefly scenes of battle and of military life. His first picture hung in the Royal Academy was "The Armourers." He has also painted many subjects from Shakespeare's works; his "Scene in the Temple Gardens" being one of his most popular productions. "The Death Warrant" represents

*From a Photo. by]* AGE 40. *[Fradelle & Marshall.*

an episode in the career of the consumptive little son of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour. In "Two Strings to His Bow," Mr. Pettie showed a considerable sense of humour.

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Raymond Lynde.*

## THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

PRINCESS MARY ADELAIDE, daughter of H.R.H. Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, the seventh son of His Majesty King George III., married on June 12th, 1866, H.S.H. the Duke of Teck, whose portrait at different ages we have the pleasure of presenting on the opposite page. The Duchess of Teck and her daughter Princess Victoria are well known and esteemed far beyond their own circle of society for their interest in works of charity and the genuine kindness of heart, which render them ever ready to enter into schemes of benevolence. We may remind our readers that a charming series of portraits of Princess Victoria of Teck appeared in our issue of February, 1892.

AGE 6.
*From a Painting.*

*From a Drawing by]* AGE 7. *[James R. Swinton.*

*From a Painting by]* AGE 17. *[A. Winterhalter.*

*From a]* AGE 40. *[Painting.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*

*From a]* AGE 3. *[Painting.*

It is not generally known that a family law, which decrees that the son of a marriage between a prince of the Royal Family of Würtemberg and a lady not of princely birth, however nobly born, cannot inherit the crown, alone prevents the Duke of Teck from being King of Würtemberg. The Duke of Teck has served with distinction in the Army, having received the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's star, together with the rank of colonel.

*From a]* AGE 28. *[Painting.*

## THE DUKE OF TECK.

BORN 1837.

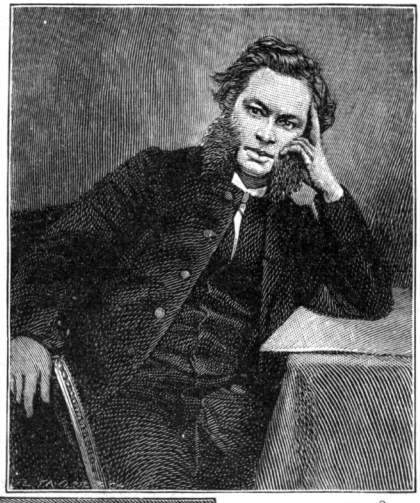
HIS SERENE HIGHNESS FRANCIS PAUL CHARLES LOUIS ALEXANDER, G.C.B., PRINCE AND DUKE OF TECK, is the only son of Duke Alexander of Würtemberg and the Countess Claudine Rhédy and Countess of Hohenstein, a lady of a most illustrious but not princely house.

*From a]* AGE 40. *[Painting.*

*From a Painting by]* AGE 5. *[Johan Ebner.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 9.
*From a Water-colour Drawing by his Father.*

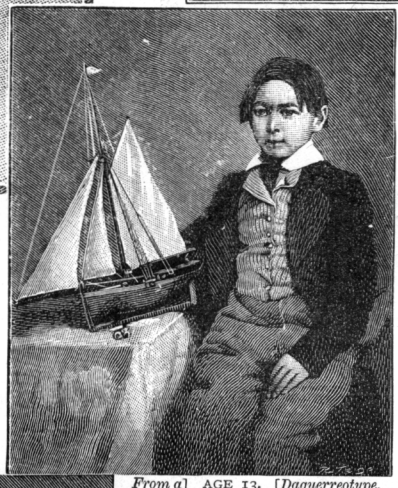


AGE 28.
*From a Photo. by Samuel A. Walker.*

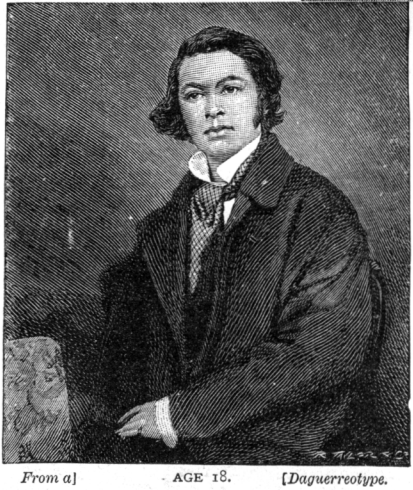
## REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

BORN 1838.

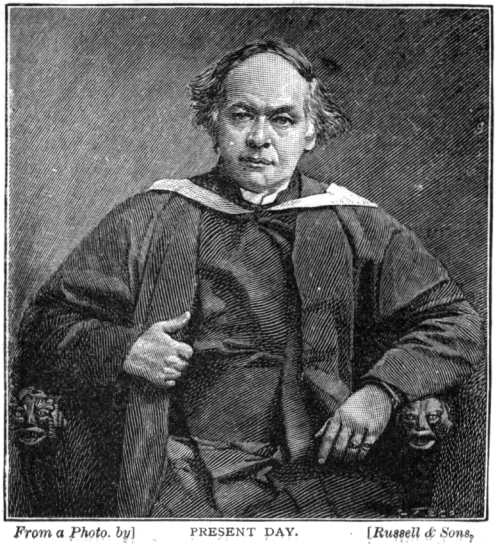
THE REVEREND HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS, preacher, lecturer, journalist, musician, was born at Egham, his father being the Rev. J. O. W. Haweis, rector of Slaugham, Sussex. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and appointed in 1866 incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone. He has been an indefatigable advocate of the Sunday opening of museums, and a frequent lecturer at the Royal Institution, notably on violins, church bells, and American humorists. He also took a great interest in the Italian Revolution.



*From a]* AGE 13. *[Daguerreotype.*

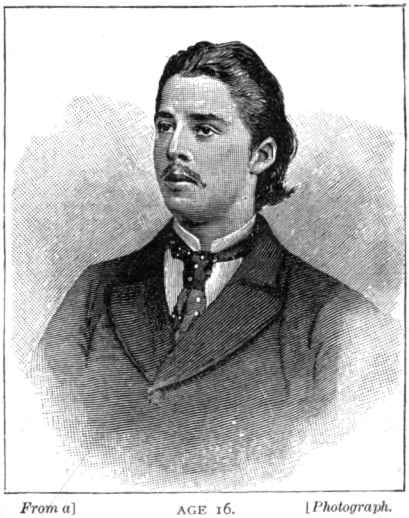


*From a]* AGE 18. *[Daguerreotype.*



*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Russell & Sons.*

*From a]* AGE 3. *[Photograph.*



*From a]* AGE 16. *[Photograph.*

## FREDERIC H. COWEN.

BORN 1852.

MR. F. H. COWEN, whose new opera will appear about the same time as these portraits, was born at Kingston, in Jamaica, and showed at a very early age so much musical talent that it was decided he should follow music as a career, with what excellent results is known to all musicians. His more important works comprise five cantatas, "The Rose Maiden," "The Corsair," "Saint Ursula," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "St. John's Eve," several symphonies, the opera "Thorgrim," considered his finest work, and over two hundred songs and ballads, many of which have attained great popularity.

*From a]* AGE 24. *[Photograph.*

*From a]* AGE 11. *[Photograph.*

*From a Photo. by]* PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

# *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

## XV.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE YELLOW FACE.

By A. Conan Doyle.

IN publishing these short sketches, based upon the numerous cases which my companion's singular gifts have made me the listener to, and eventually the actor in some strange drama, it is only natural that I should dwell rather upon his successes than upon his failures. And this not so much for the sake of his reputation, for indeed it was when he was at his wits' end that his energy and his versatility were most admirable, but because where he failed it happened too often that no one else succeeded, and that the tale was left for ever without a conclusion. Now and again, however, it chanced that even when he erred the truth was still discovered. I have notes of some half-dozen cases of the kind of which "The Adventure of the Musgrave Ritual" and that which I am now about to recount are the two which present the strongest features of interest.

Sherlock Holmes was a man who seldom took exercise for exercise's sake. Few men were capable of greater muscular effort, and he was undoubtedly one of the finest boxers of his weight that I have ever seen, but he looked upon aimless bodily exertion as a waste of energy, and he seldom bestirred himself save where there was some professional object to be served. Then he was absolutely untiring and indefatigable. That he should have kept himself in training under such circumstances is remarkable, but his diet was usually of the sparest, and his habits were simple to the verge of austerity. Save for the occasional use of cocaine he had no vices, and he only turned to the drug as a protest against the monotony of existence when cases were scanty and the papers uninteresting.

One day in early spring he had so far relaxed as to go for a walk with me in the Park, where the first faint shoots of green were breaking out upon the elms, and the sticky spearheads of the chestnuts were just beginning to burst into their five-fold leaves. For two hours we rambled about together, in silence for the most part, as befits two men who know each other intimately. It was nearly five before we were back in Baker Street once more.

"Beg pardon, sir," said our page-boy, as he opened the door; "there's been a gentleman here asking for you, sir."

Holmes glanced reproachfully at me. "So much for afternoon walks!" said he. "Has this gentleman gone, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you ask him in?"

"Yes, sir; he came in."

"How long did he wait?"

"Half an hour, sir. He was a very restless gentleman, sir, a-walkin' and a-stampin' all the time he was here. I was waitin' outside the door, sir, and I could hear him. At last he goes out into the passage and he cries: 'Is that man never goin' to come?' Those were his very words, sir. 'You'll only need to wait a little longer,' says I. 'Then I'll wait in the open air, for I feel half choked,' says he. 'I'll be back before long,' and with that he ups and he outs, and all I could say wouldn't hold him back."

"Well, well, you did your best," said Holmes, as we walked into our room. "It's very annoying though, Watson. I was badly in need of a case, and this looks, from the man's impatience, as if it were of importance. Halloa! that's not your pipe on the table! He must have left his behind him. A nice old briar, with a good long stem of what the tobacconists call amber. I wonder how many real amber mouthpieces there are in London. Some people think a fly in it is a sign. Why, it is quite a branch of trade the putting of sham flies into the sham amber. Well, he must have been disturbed in his mind to leave a pipe behind him which he evidently values highly."

"How do you know that he values it highly?" I asked.

"Well, I should put the original cost of the pipe at seven-and-sixpence. Now it has, you see, been twice mended: once in the wooden stem and once in the amber. Each

of these mends, done, as you observe, with silver bands, must have cost more than the pipe did originally. The man must value the pipe highly when he prefers to patch it up rather than buy a new one with the same money."

"Anything else?" I asked, for Holmes was turning the pipe about in his hand and staring at it in his peculiar, pensive way.

"HE HELD IT UP.

He held it up and tapped on it with his long, thin forefinger as a professor might who was lecturing on a bone.

"Pipes are occasionally of extraordinary interest," said he. "Nothing has more individuality save, perhaps, watches and bootlaces. The indications here, however, are neither very marked nor very important. The owner is obviously a muscular man, left-handed, with an excellent set of teeth, careless in his habits, and with no need to practise economy."

My friend threw out the information in a very off-hand way, but I saw that he cocked his eye at me to see if I had followed his reasoning.

"You think a man must be well-to-do if he smokes a seven-shilling pipe?" said I.

"This is Grosvenor mixture at eightpence an ounce," Holmes answered, knocking a little out on his palm. "As he might get an excellent smoke for half the price, he has no need to practise economy."

"And the other points?"

"He has been in the habit of lighting his pipe at lamps and gas-jets. You can see that it is quite charred all down one side. Of course, a match could not have done that. Why should a man hold a match to the side of his pipe? But you cannot light it at a lamp without getting the bowl charred. And it is all on the right side of the pipe. From that I gather that he is a left-handed man. You hold your own pipe to the lamp, and see how naturally you, being right-handed, hold the left side to the flame. You might do it once the other way, but not as a constancy. This has always been held so. Then he has bitten through his amber. It takes a muscular, energetic fellow, and one with a good set of teeth to do that. But if I am not mistaken I hear him upon the stair, so we shall have something more interesting than his pipe to study."

An instant later our door opened, and a tall young man entered the room. He was well but quietly dressed in a dark-grey suit, and carried a brown wideawake in his hand. I should have put him at about thirty, though he was really some years older.

"I beg your pardon," said he, with some embarrassment; "I suppose I should have knocked. Yes, of course I should have knocked. The fact is that I am a little upset, and you must put it all down to that." He passed his hand over his forehead like a man who is half dazed, and then fell, rather than sat, down upon a chair.

"I can see that you have not slept for a night or two," said Holmes, in his easy, genial way. "That tries a man's nerves more than work, and more even than pleasure. May I ask how I can help you?"

"I wanted your advice, sir. I don't know what to do, and my whole life seems to have gone to pieces."

"You wish to employ me as a consulting detective?"

"Not that only. I want your opinion as a judicious man—as a man of the world. I want to know what I ought to do next. I hope to God you'll be able to tell me."

He spoke in little, sharp, jerky outbursts, and it seemed to me that to speak at all was very painful to him, and that his will all through was overriding his inclinations.

"It's a very delicate thing," said he. "One does not like to speak of one's domestic affairs to strangers. It seems dreadful to discuss the conduct of one's wife with two men whom I have never seen before. It's horrible to have to do it. But I've got to the end of my tether, and I must have advice."

"My dear Mr. Grant Munro ———" began Holmes.

Our visitor sprang from his chair. "What!" he cried. "You know my name?"

"If you wish to preserve your *incognito*," said Holmes, smiling, "I should suggest that you cease to write your name upon the lining of your hat, or else that you turn the crown towards the person whom you are addressing. I was about to say that my friend and I have listened to many strange secrets in this room, and that we have had the good fortune to bring peace to many troubled souls. I trust that we may do as much for you. Might I beg you, as time may prove to be of importance, to furnish me with the facts of your case without further delay?"

Our visitor again passed his hand over his forehead as if he found it bitterly hard. From every gesture and expression I could see that he was a reserved, self-contained man, with a dash of pride in his nature, more likely to hide his wounds than to expose them. Then suddenly with a fierce gesture of his closed hand, like one who throws reserve to the winds, he began.

"The facts are these, Mr. Holmes," said he. "I am a married man, and have been so for three years. During that time my wife and I have loved each other as fondly, and lived as happily, as any two that ever were joined. We have not had a difference, not one, in thought, or word, or deed. And now, since last Monday, there has suddenly sprung up a barrier between us, and I find that there is something in her life and in her thoughts of which I know as little as if she were the woman who brushes by me in the street. We are estranged, and I want to know why.

"OUR VISITOR SPRANG FROM HIS CHAIR."

"Now there is one thing that I want to impress upon you before I go any further, Mr. Holmes. Effie loves me. Don't let there be any mistake about that. She loves me with her whole heart and soul, and never more than now. I know it—I feel it. I don't want to argue about that. A man can tell easily enough when a woman loves him. But there's this secret between us, and we can never be the same until it is cleared."

"Kindly let me have the facts, Mr. Munro," said Holmes, with some impatience.

"I'll tell you what I know about Effie's history. She was a widow when I met her first, though quite young—only twenty-five. Her name then was Mrs. Hebron. She went out to America when she was young and lived in the town of Atlanta, where she married this Hebron, who was a lawyer with a good practice. They had one child, but the yellow fever broke out badly in the place, and both husband and child died of it. I have seen his death certificate. This sickened her of America, and she came back to live with a maiden aunt at Pinner, in Middlesex. I may mention that her husband had left her comfortably off, and that she had a capital of

about four thousand five hundred pounds, which had been so well invested by him that it returned an average of 7 per cent. She had only been six months at Pinner when I met her; we fell in love with each other, and we married a few weeks afterwards.

"I am a hop merchant myself, and as I have an income of seven or eight hundred, we found ourselves comfortably off, and took a nice eighty-pound-a-year villa at Norbury. Our little place was very countrified, considering that it is so close to town. We had an inn and two houses a little above us, and a single cottage at the other side of the field which faces us, and except those there were no houses until you got half-way to the station. My business took me into town at certain seasons, but in summer I had less to do, and then in our country home my wife and I were just as happy as could be wished. I tell you that there never was a shadow between us until this accursed affair began.

"There's one thing I ought to tell you before I go further. When we married, my wife made over all her property to me—rather against my will, for I saw how awkward it would be if my business affairs went wrong. However, she would have it so, and it was done. Well, about six weeks ago she came to me.

"'Jack,' said she, 'when you took my money you said that if ever I wanted any I was to ask you for it.'

"'Certainly,' said I, 'it's all your own.'

"'Well,' said she, 'I want a hundred pounds.'

"I was a bit staggered at this, for I had imagined it was simply a new dress or something of the kind that she was after.

"'What on earth for?' I asked.

"'Oh,' said she, in her playful way, 'you said that you were only my banker, and bankers never ask questions, you know.'

"'If you really mean it, of course you shall have the money,' said I.

"'Oh, yes, I really mean it.'

"'And you won't tell me what you want it for?'

"'Some day, perhaps, but not just at present, Jack.'

"So I had to be content with that, though it was the first time that there had ever been any secret between us. I gave her a cheque, and I never thought any more of the matter. It may have nothing to do with what came afterwards, but I thought it only right to mention it.

"Well, I told you just now that there is a cottage not far from our house. There is just a field between us, but to reach it you have to go along the road and then turn down a lane. Just beyond it is a nice little grove of Scotch firs, and I used to be very fond of strolling down there, for trees are always neighbourly kinds of things. The cottage had been standing empty this eight months, and it was a pity, for it was a pretty two-storied place, with an old-fashioned porch and honeysuckle about it. I have stood many a time and thought what a neat little homestead it would make.

"Well, last Monday evening I was taking a stroll down that way when I met an empty van coming up the lane, and saw a pile of carpets and things lying about on the grass-plot beside the porch. It was clear that the cottage had at last been let. I walked past it, and then stopping, as an idle man might, I ran my eye over it, and wondered what sort of folk they were who had come to live so near us. And as I looked I suddenly became aware that a face was watching me out of one of the upper windows.

"I don't know what there was about that face, Mr. Holmes, but it seemed to send a chill right down my back. I was some little way off, so that I could not make out the features, but there was something unnatural and inhuman about the face. That was the impression I had, and I moved quickly forwards to get a nearer view of the person who was watching me. But as I did so the face suddenly disappeared, so suddenly that it seemed to have been plucked away into the darkness of the room. I stood for five minutes thinking the business over, and trying to analyze my impressions. I could not tell if the face was that of a man or a woman. It had been too far from me for that. But its colour was what had impressed me most. It was of a livid, dead yellow, and with something set and rigid about it, which was shockingly unnatural. So disturbed was I, that I determined to see a little more of the new inmates of the cottage. I approached and knocked at the door, which was instantly opened by a tall, gaunt woman, with a harsh, forbidding face.

"'What may you be wantin'?' she asked, in a northern accent.

"'I am your neighbour over yonder,' said I, nodding towards my house. 'I see that you have only just moved in, so I thought that if I could be of any help to you in any——'

"'Aye, we'll just ask ye when we want ye,' said she, and shut the door in my face. Annoyed at the churlish rebuff, I turned my back and walked home. All the evening,

"WHAT MAY YOU BE WANTIN'?"

though I tried to think of other things, my mind would still turn to the apparition at the window and the rudeness of the woman. I determined to say nothing about the former to my wife, for she is a nervous, highly-strung woman, and I had no wish that she should share the unpleasant impression which had been produced upon myself. I remarked to her, however, before I fell asleep that the cottage was now occupied, to which she returned no reply.

"I am usually an extremely sound sleeper. It has been a standing jest in the family that nothing could ever wake me during the night; and yet somehow on that particular night, whether it may have been the slight excitement produced by my little adventure or not, I know not, but I slept much more lightly than usual. Half in my dreams I was dimly conscious that something was going on in the room, and gradually became aware that my wife had dressed herself and was slipping on her mantle and her bonnet. My lips were parted to murmur out some sleepy words of surprise or remonstrance at this untimely preparation, when suddenly my half-opened eyes fell upon her face, illuminated by the candle light, and astonishment held me dumb. She wore an expression such as I had never seen before—such as I should have thought her incapable of assuming. She was deadly pale, and breathing fast, glancing furtively towards the bed, as she fastened her mantle, to see if she had disturbed me. Then, thinking that I was still asleep, she slipped noiselessly from the room, and an instant later I heard a sharp creaking, which could only come from the hinges of the front door. I sat up in bed and rapped my knuckles against the rail to make certain that I was truly awake. Then I took my watch from under the pillow. It was three in the morning. What on this earth could my wife be doing out on the country road at three in the morning?

"I had sat for about twenty minutes turning the thing over in my mind and trying to find some possible explanation. The more I thought the more extraordinary and inexplicable did it appear. I was still puzzling over it when I heard the door gently close again and her footsteps coming up the stairs.

"'Where in the world have you been, Effie?' I asked, as she entered.

"She gave a violent start and a kind of gasping cry when I spoke, and that cry and start troubled me more than all the rest, for there was something indescribably guilty about them. My wife had always been a woman of a frank, open nature, and it gave me a chill to see her slinking into her own room, and crying out and wincing when her own husband spoke to her.

"'You awake, Jack?' she cried, with a nervous laugh. 'Why, I thought that nothing could awaken you.'

"'Where have you been?' I asked, more sternly.

"'I don't wonder that you are surprised,' said she, and I could see that her fingers were trembling as she undid the fastenings of her mantle. 'Why, I never remember having done such a thing in my life before. The fact is, that I felt as though I were choking, and had a perfect longing for a breath of fresh air. I really think that I should have fainted if I had not gone out. I stood at the door for a few minutes, and now I am quite myself again.'

"All the time that she was telling me this story she never once looked in my direction, and her voice was quite unlike her usual

tones. It was evident to me that she was saying what was false. I said nothing in reply, but turned my face to the wall, sick at heart, with my mind filled with a thousand venomous doubts and suspicions. What was it that my wife was concealing from me? Where had she been during that strange expedition? I felt that I should have no peace until I knew, and yet I shrank from asking her again after once she had told me what was false. All the rest of the night I tossed and tumbled, framing theory after theory, each more unlikely than the last.

"I should have gone to the City that day, but I was too perturbed in my mind to be able to pay attention to business matters. My wife seemed to be as upset as myself, and I could see from the little questioning glances which she kept shooting at me, that she understood that I disbelieved her statement and that she was at her wits' ends what to do. We hardly exchanged a word during breakfast, and immediately afterwards I went out for a walk that I might think the matter out in the fresh morning air.

"'TRUST ME, JACK!' SHE CRIED."

"I went as far as the Crystal Palace, spent an hour in the grounds, and was back in Norbury by one o'clock. It happened that my way took me past the cottage, and I stopped for an instant to look at the windows and to see if I could catch a glimpse of the strange face which had looked out at me on the day before. As I stood there, imagine my surprise, Mr. Holmes, when the door suddenly opened and my wife walked out!

"I was struck dumb with astonishment at the sight of her, but my emotions were nothing to those which showed themselves upon her face when our eyes met. She seemed for an instant to wish to shrink back inside the house again, and then, seeing how useless all concealment must be, she came forward with a very white face and frightened eyes which belied the smile upon her lips.

"'Oh, Jack!' she said, 'I have just been in to see if I can be of any assistance to our new neighbours. Why do you look at me like that, Jack? You are not angry with me?'

"'So,' said I, 'this is where you went during the night?'

"'What do you mean?' she cried.

"'You came here. I am sure of it. Who are these people that you should visit them at such an hour?'

"'I have not been here before.'

"'How can you tell me what you know is false?' I cried. 'Your very voice changes as you speak. When have I ever had a secret from you? I shall enter that cottage and I shall probe the matter to the bottom.'

"'No, no, Jack, for God's sake!' she gasped, in incontrollable emotion. Then as I approached the door she seized my sleeve and pulled me back with convulsive strength.

"'I implore you not to do this, Jack,' she cried. 'I swear that I will tell you everything some day, but nothing but misery can come of it if you enter that cottage.' Then, as I tried to shake her off, she clung to me in a frenzy of entreaty.

"'Trust me, Jack!' she cried. 'Trust me only this once. You will never have cause to regret it. You know that I would not have a secret from you if it were not for your own sake. Our whole lives are at stake

on this. If you come home with me all will be well. If you force your way into that cottage, all is over between us.'

"There was such earnestness, such despair in her manner that her words arrested me, and I stood irresolute before the door.

"'I will trust you on one condition, and on one condition only,' said I at last. 'It is that this mystery comes to an end from now. You are at liberty to preserve your secret, but you must promise me that there shall be no more nightly visits, no more doings which are kept from my knowledge. I am willing to forget those which are passed if you will promise that there shall be no more in the future.'

"'I was sure that you would trust me,' she cried, with a great sigh of relief. 'It shall be just as you wish. Come away, oh, come away up to the house!' Still pulling at my sleeve she led me away from the cottage. As we went I glanced back, and there was that yellow livid face watching us out of the upper window. What link could there be between that creature and my wife? Or how could the coarse, rough woman whom I had seen the day before be connected with her? It was a strange puzzle, and yet I knew that my mind could never know ease again until I had solved it.

"For two days after this I stayed at home, and my wife appeared to abide loyally by our engagement, for, as far as I know, she never stirred out of the house. On the third day, however, I had ample evidence that her solemn promise was not enough to hold her back from this secret influence which drew her away from her husband and her duty.

"I had gone into town on that day, but I returned by the 2.40 instead of the 3.36, which is my usual train. As I entered the house the maid ran into the hall with a startled face.

"'Where is your mistress?' I asked.

"'I think that she has gone out for a walk,' she answered.

"My mind was instantly filled with suspicion. I rushed upstairs to make sure that she was not in the house. As I did so I happened to glance out of one of the upper windows, and saw the maid with whom I had just been speaking running across the field in the direction of the cottage. Then, of course, I saw exactly what it all meant. My wife had gone over there and had asked the servant to call her if I should return. Tingling with anger, I rushed down and hurried across, determined to end the matter once and for ever. I saw my wife and the maid hurrying back together along the lane, but I did not stop to speak with them. In the cottage lay the secret which was casting a shadow over my life. I vowed that, come what might, it should be a secret no longer. I did not even knock when I reached it, but turned the handle and rushed into the passage.

"It was all still and quiet upon the ground-floor. In the kitchen a kettle was singing on the fire, and a large black cat lay coiled up in a basket, but there was no sign of the woman whom I had seen before. I ran into the other room, but it was equally deserted. Then I rushed up the stairs, but only to find two other rooms empty and deserted at the top. There was no one at all in the whole house. The furniture and pictures were of the most common and vulgar description save in the one chamber at the window of which I had seen the strange face. That was comfortable and elegant, and all my suspicions rose into a fierce, bitter blaze when I saw that on the mantelpiece stood a full-length photograph of my wife, which had been taken at my request only three months ago.

"I stayed long enough to make certain that the house was absolutely empty. Then I left it, feeling a weight at my heart such as I had never had before. My wife came out into the hall as I entered my house, but I was too hurt and angry to speak with her, and pushing past her I made my way into my study. She followed me, however, before I could close the door.

"'I am sorry that I broke my promise, Jack,' said she, 'but if you knew all the circumstances I am sure that you would forgive me.'

"'Tell me everything, then,' said I.

"'I cannot, Jack, I cannot!' she cried.

"'Until you tell me who it is that has been living in that cottage, and who it is to whom you have given that photograph, there can never be any confidence between us,' said I, and breaking away from her I left the house. That was yesterday, Mr. Holmes, and I have not seen her since, nor do I know anything more about this strange business. It is the first shadow that has come between us, and it has so shaken me that I do not know what I should do for the best. Suddenly this morning it occurred to me that you were the man to advise me, so I have hurried to you now, and I place myself unreservedly in your hands. If there is any point which I have not made clear, pray question me about it. But above all tell me

"'TELL ME EVERYTHING,' SAID I."

quickly what I have to do, for this misery is more than I can bear."

Holmes and I had listened with the utmost interest to this extraordinary statement, which had been delivered in the jerky, broken fashion of a man who is under the influence of extreme emotion. My companion sat silent now for some time, with his chin upon his hand, lost in thought.

"Tell me," said he at last, "could you swear that this was a man's face which you saw at the window?"

"Each time that I saw it I was some distance away from it, so that it is impossible for me to say."

"You appear, however, to have been disagreeably impressed by it."

"It seemed to be of an unnatural colour and to have a strange rigidity about the features. When I approached, it vanished with a jerk."

"How long is it since your wife asked you for a hundred pounds?"

"Nearly two months."

"Have you ever seen a photograph of her first husband?"

"No, there was a great fire at Atlanta very shortly after his death, and all her papers were destroyed."

"And yet she had a certificate of death. You say that you saw it?"

"Yes, she got a duplicate after the fire."

"Did you ever meet anyone who knew her in America?"

"No."

"Did she ever talk of revisiting the place?"

"No."

"Or get letters from it?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Thank you. I should like to think over the matter a little now. If the cottage is permanently deserted we may have some difficulty; if on the other hand, as I fancy is more likely, the inmates were warned of your coming, and left before you entered yesterday, then they may be back now, and we should clear it all up easily. Let me advise you, then, to return to Norbury and to examine the windows of the cottage again. If you have reason to believe that it is inhabited do not force your way in, but send a wire to my friend and me. We shall be with you within an hour of receiving it, and we shall then very soon get to the bottom of the business."

"And if it is still empty?"

"In that case I shall come out to-morrow and talk it over with you. Good-bye, and above all do not fret until you know that you really have a cause for it."

"I am afraid that this is a bad business, Watson," said my companion, as he returned after accompanying Mr. Grant Munro to the door. "What did you make of it?"

"It had an ugly sound," I answered.

"Yes. There's blackmail in it, or I am much mistaken."

"And who is the blackmailer?"

"Well, it must be this creature who lives in the only comfortable room in the place, and has her photograph above his fireplace. Upon my word, Watson, there is something very attractive about that livid face at the window, and I would not have missed the case for worlds."

"You have a theory?"

"Yes, a provisional one. But I shall be surprised if it does not turn out to be correct. This woman's first husband is in that cottage."

"Why do you think so?"

"How else can we explain her frenzied anxiety that her second one should not enter it? The facts, as I read them, are something like this: This woman was married in America. Her husband developed some hateful qualities, or, shall we say, that he contracted some loathsome disease, and became a leper or an imbecile. She fled from him at last, returned to England, changed her name, and started her life, as she thought, afresh. She had been married three years, and believed that her position was quite secure—having shown her husband the death certificate of some man, whose name she had assumed—when suddenly her whereabouts was discovered by her first husband, or, we may suppose, by some unscrupulous woman, who had attached herself to the invalid. They write to the wife and threaten to come and expose her. She asks for a hundred pounds and endeavours to buy them off. They come in spite of it, and when the husband mentions casually to the wife that there are new-comers in the cottage, she knows in some way that they are her pursuers. She waits until her husband is asleep, and then she rushes down to endeavour to persuade them to leave her in peace. Having no success, she goes again next morning, and her husband meets her, as he has told us, as she came out. She promises him then not to go there again, but two days afterwards, the hope of getting rid of those dreadful neighbours is too strong for her, and she makes another attempt, taking down with her the photograph which had probably been demanded from her. In the midst of this interview the maid rushes in to say that the master has come home, on which the wife, knowing that he would come straight down to the cottage, hurries the inmates out at the back door, into that grove of fir trees probably which was mentioned as standing near. In this way he finds the place deserted. I shall be very much surprised, however, if it is still so when he reconnoitres it this evening. What do you think of my theory?"

"It is all surmise."

"But at least it covers all the facts. When new facts come to our knowledge, which cannot be covered by it, it will be time enough to reconsider it. At present we can do nothing until we have a fresh message from our friend at Norbury."

But we had not very long to wait. It came just as we had finished our tea. "The cottage is still tenanted," it said. "Have seen the face again at the window. I'll meet the seven o'clock train, and take no steps until you arrive."

He was waiting on the platform when we stepped out, and we could see in the light of the station lamps that he was very pale, and quivering with agitation.

"They are still there, Mr. Holmes," said he, laying his hand upon my friend's sleeve. "I saw lights in the cottage as I came down. We shall settle it now, once and for all."

"What is your plan, then?" asked Holmes, as we walked down the dark, tree-lined road.

"I am going to force my way in, and see for myself who is in the house. I wish you both to be there as witnesses."

"You are quite determined to do this, in spite of your wife's warning that it was better that you should not solve the mystery?"

"Yes, I am determined."

"Well, I think that you are in the right. Any truth is better than indefinite doubt. We had better go up at once. Of course, legally we are putting ourselves hopelessly in the wrong, but I think that it is worth it."

It was a very dark night and a thin rain began to fall as we turned from the high road into a narrow lane, deeply rutted, with hedges on either side. Mr. Grant Munro pushed impatiently forward, however, and we stumbled after him as best we could.

"There are the lights of my house," he murmured, pointing to a glimmer among the trees, "and here is the cottage which I am going to enter."

We turned a corner in the lane as he spoke, and there was the building close beside us. A yellow bar falling across the black foreground showed that the door was not quite closed, and one window in the upper story was brightly illuminated. As we looked we saw a dark blurr moving across the blind.

"There is that creature," cried Grant Munro; "you can see for yourselves that someone is there. Now follow me, and we shall soon know all."

We approached the door, but suddenly a woman appeared out of the shadow and stood in the golden track of the lamp light. I could not see her face in the darkness, but her arms were thrown out in an attitude of entreaty.

"For God's sake, don't, Jack!" she cried. "I had a presentiment that you would come this evening. Think better of it, dear! Trust me again, and you will never have cause to regret it."

"I have trusted you too long, Effie!" he cried, sternly. "Leave go of me! I must pass you. My friends and I are going to settle this matter once and for ever." He pushed her to one side and we followed

closely after him. As he threw the door open, an elderly woman ran out in front of him and tried to bar his passage, but he thrust her back, and an instant afterwards we were all upon the stairs. Grant Munro rushed into the lighted room at the top, and we entered it at his heels.

It was a cosy, well-furnished apartment, with two candles burning upon the table and two upon the mantelpiece. In the corner, stooping over a desk, there sat what appeared to be a little girl. Her face was turned away as we entered, but we could see that she was dressed in a red frock, and that she had long white gloves on. As she whisked round to us I gave a cry of surprise and horror. The face which she turned towards us was of the strangest livid tint, and the features were absolutely devoid of any expression. An instant later the mystery was explained. Holmes, with a laugh, passed his hand behind the child's ear, a mask peeled off from her countenance, and there was a little coal-black negress with all her white teeth flashing in amusement at our amazed faces. I burst out laughing out of sympathy with her merriment, but Grant Munro stood staring, with his hand clutching at his throat.

"My God!" he cried, "what can be the meaning of this?"

"I will tell you the meaning of it," cried the lady, sweeping into the room with a proud, set face. "You have forced me against my own judgment to tell you, and now we must both make the best of it. My husband died at Atlanta. My child survived."

"Your child!"

She drew a large silver locket from her bosom. "You have never seen this open."

"I understood that it did not open."

She touched a spring, and the front hinged back. There was a portrait within of a man, strikingly handsome and intelligent, but bearing unmistakable signs upon his features of his African descent.

"That is John Hebron, of Atlanta," said the lady, "and a nobler man never walked the earth. I cut myself off from my race in order to wed him; but never once while he lived did I for one instant regret it. It was our misfortune that our only child took after his people rather than mine. It is often so in such matches, and little Lucy is darker far than ever her father was. But, dark or fair, she is my own dear little girlie, and her mother's pet." The little creature ran across at the words and nestled up against the lady's dress.

"THERE WAS A LITTLE COAL-BLACK NEGRESS."

"When I left her in America," she continued, "it was only because her health was weak, and the change might have done her harm. She was given to the care of a faithful Scotch-woman who had once been our servant. Never for an instant did I dream of disowning her as my child. But when chance threw you in my way, Jack, and I learned to love you, I feared to tell you about my child. God forgive me, I feared that I should lose you, and I had not the courage to tell you. I had to choose between you, and in my weakness I turned away from my own little girl. For three years I have kept her existence a secret from you, but I heard from the nurse, and I knew that all was

well with her. At last, however, there came an overwhelming desire to see the child once more. I struggled against it, but in vain. Though I knew the danger I determined to have the child over, if it were but for a few weeks. I sent a hundred pounds to the nurse, and I gave her instructions about this cottage, so that she might come as a neighbour without my appearing to be in any way connected with her. I pushed my precautions so far as to order her to keep the child in the house during the daytime, and to cover up her little face and hands, so that even those who might see her at the window should not gossip about there being a black child in the neighbourhood. If I had been less cautious I might have been more wise, but I was half crazy with fear lest you should learn the truth.

"It was you who told me first that the cottage was occupied. I should have waited for the morning, but I could not sleep for excitement, and so at last I slipped out, knowing how difficult it is to awaken you. But you saw me go, and that was the beginning of my troubles. Next day you had my secret at your mercy, but you nobly refrained from pursuing your advantage. Three days later, however, the nurse and child only just escaped from the back door as you rushed in at the front one. And now to-night you at last know all, and I ask you what is to become of us, my child and me?" She clasped her hands and waited for an answer.

It was a long two minutes before Grant Munro broke the silence, and when his answer came it was one of which I love to think. He lifted the little child, kissed her, and then, still carrying her, he held his other hand out to his wife and turned towards the door.

"HE LIFTED THE LITTLE CHILD."

"We can talk it over more comfortably at home," said he. "I am not a very good man, Effie, but I think that I am a better one than you have given me credit for being."

Holmes and I followed them down to the lane, and my friend plucked at my sleeve as we came out. "I think," said he, "that we shall be of more use in London than in Norbury."

Not another word did he say of the case until late that night when he was turning away, with his lighted candle, for his bedroom.

"Watson," said he, "if it should ever strike you that I am getting a little over-confident in my powers, or giving less pains to a case than it deserves, kindly whisper 'Norbury' in my ear, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

# *Illustrated Interviews.*

## No. XX.—Dr. BARNARDO, F.R.C.S. Ed.

*From a Photo. by*] "BABIES' CASTLE," HAWKHURST. [*Elliott & Fry.*

WHEN it is remembered that the Homes founded and governed by Dr. Barnardo comprise fifty distinct institutions; that since the foundation of the first Home, twenty-eight years ago, in Stepney, over 22,000 boys and girls have been rescued from positions of almost indescribable danger; that to-day five thousand orphans and destitute children, constituting the largest family in the world, are being cared for, trained, and put on a different footing to that of shoeless and stockingless, it will be at once understood that a definite and particular direction must be chosen in which to allow one's thoughts and investigations to travel. I immediately select the babies—the little ones of five years old and under; and it is possible that ere the last words of this paper are written, the Doctor may have disappeared from these pages, and we may find ourselves in fancy romping and playing with the babes in the green fields—one day last summer.

There is no misjudging the character of Dr. Barnardo—there is no misinterpreting his motives. Somewhat below the medium height, strong and stoutly built, with an expression at times a little severe, but with benevolent-looking eyes, which immediately scatter the lines of severity: he at once impresses you as a man of immovable disposition and intentions not to be cast aside. He sets his heart on having a thing done. It *is* done. He conceives some new departure of rescue work. There is no rest for him until it is accomplished. His rapidity of speech tells of continual activity of mind. He is essentially a business man—he needs must be. He takes a waif in hand, and makes a man or woman of it in a very few years. Why should the child's unparent-like parent now come forward and claim it once more for a life of misery and probable crime? Dr. Barnardo thinks long before he would snap the parental ties between mother and child; but if neglect, cruelty, or degradation towards her offspring have been the chief evidences of her relationship, nothing in the wide world would stop him from taking the little one up and holding it fast.

I sat down to chat over the very wide subject of child rescue in Dr. Barnardo's cosy room at Stepney Causeway. It was a bitter cold night outside, the streets were frozen, the snow falling. In an hour's time we were to start for the slums—to see baby life in the vicinity of Flower and Dean Street, Brick Lane, and Wentworth Street—all typical localities where the fourpenny

lodging-house still refuses to be crushed by model dwellings. Over the comforting fire we talked about a not altogether uneventful past.

Dr. Barnardo was born in 1845, in Dublin. Although an Irishman by birth, he is not so by blood. He is really of Spanish descent, as his name suggests.

"I can never recollect the time," he said, "when the face and the voice of a child has not had power to draw me aside from everything else. Naturally, I have always had a passionate love for children. Their helplessness, their innocence, and, in the case of waif children, their misery, constitute, I feel, an irresistible appeal to every humane heart.

"I remember an incident which occurred to me at a very early age, and which made a great impression upon me.

"One day, when coming home from school, I saw standing on the margin of the pavement a woman in miserable attire, with a wretched-looking baby in her arms. I was then only a schoolboy of eleven years old, but the sight made me very unhappy. I remember looking furtively every way to see if I was observed, and then emptying my pockets—truly they had not much in them—into the woman's hands. But sauntering on, I could not forget the face of the baby—it fascinated me; so I had to go back, and in a low voice suggested to the woman that if she would follow me home I would try to get her something more.

"Fortunately, I was able to let her into the hall without attracting much attention, and then went down to the cook on my errand. I forget what was done, except that I know a good meal was given to the 'mother' and some milk to the baby. Just then an elder sister of mine came into the hall, and was attracted as I had been to the infant; but observing the woman she suddenly called out: 'Why, you are the woman I have spoken to twice before, and this is a different baby; this is the third you have had!'

"And so it came to pass that I had my first experience of a beggar's shifts. The child was not hers; she had borrowed it, or hired it, and it was, as my sister said, the third in succession she had had within a couple of months. So I was somewhat humiliated as 'mother' and infant were quietly, but quickly, passed out through the hall door into the street, and I learned my first lesson that the best way to help the poor is not necessarily to give money to the first beggar you meet in the street, although it is well to always keep a tender heart for the sufferings of children."

*From a Photo. by*] DR. BARNARDO. [*Elliott & Fry.*

"Hire babies! Borrow babies!" I interrupted.

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "and buy them, too. I know of several lodging-houses where I could hire a baby from fourpence to a shilling a day. The prettier the child is the better; should it happen to be a cripple, or possessing particularly thin arms and face, it is always worth a shilling. Little girls always demand a higher price than boys. I knew of one woman—her supposed husband sells chickweed and groundsel—who has carried a baby exactly the same size for the last nine or ten years! I myself have, in days gone by, bought children in order to rescue them. Happily, such a step is now not needful, owing to changes in the law, which enable us to get possession of such children by better methods. For one girl I paid 10s. 6d., whilst my very first purchase cost me 7s. 6d. It was for a little boy and girl baby—brother and sister. The latter was tied up in a bundle. The woman—whom I found sitting on a door-step—offered to sell the boy for a trifle, half-a-crown, but not the mite of a girl, as she was 'her living.' However, I rescued them both, for

the sum I have mentioned. In another case I got a poor little creature of two years of age—I can see her now, with arms no thicker than my finger—from her drunken 'guardian' for a shilling. When it came to washing the waif—what clothes it had on consisted of nothing but knots and strings; they had not been untied for weeks, perhaps months, and had to be cut off with a pair of scissors—we found something tied round its waist, to which the child constantly stretched out its wasted fingers and endeavoured to raise to its lips. On examination it proved to be an old fish-bone wrapped in a piece of cotton, which must have been at least a month old. Yet you must remember that these 'purchases' are quite exceptional cases, as my children have, for the most part, been obtained by legitimate means."

Yes, these little mites arrive at Stepney somewhat strangely at times. A child was sent from Newcastle in a hamper. It bore a small tablet on the wicker basket, which read: "To Dr. Barnardo, London. With care." The little girl arrived quite safe and perfectly sound. But the most remarkable instance of all was that of little Frank. Few children reach Dr. Barnardo whose antecedents cannot be traced and their history recorded in the volumes kept for this purpose. But Frankie remains one of the unknown. Some time ago a carrier delivered what was presumably a box of Swiss milk at the Homes. The porter in charge received it, and was about to place it amongst other packages, when the faintest possible cry escaped through the cracks in the lid. The pliers were hastily brought, the nails flew out, the lid came off, and there lay little Frank in his diminutive baby's robe, peacefully sleeping, with the end of the tube communicating with his bottle of milk still between his lips!

*From a*] "TO DR. BARNARDO, WITH CARE." [*Photo*

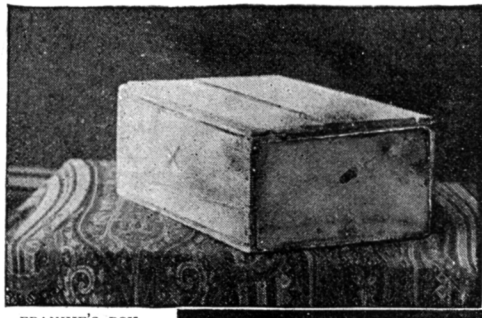
"That is one means of getting rid of children," said Dr. Barnardo, after he had told me the story of Frank, "but there are others which might almost amount to a respectable method. I have received offers of large sums of money from persons who have been desirous of my receiving their children into these Homes *without asking any questions*. Not so very long ago a lady came to Stepney in her carriage. A child was in it. I granted her an interview, and she laid down five £100 notes, saying they were mine if I would take the child and ask no questions. I did not take the child. Again. A well-known peer of the realm once sent his footman here with £100, asking me to take the footman's son. No. The footman could support his child. Gold and silver will never open my doors unless there is real destitution. It is for the homeless, the actually destitute, that we open our doors day and night, without money and without price. It is a dark night outside, but if you will look up on this building, the words, '*No destitute boy or girl ever refused admission*,' are large enough to be read on the darkest night and with the weakest eyesight; and that has been true all these seven-and-twenty years.

"On this same pretext of 'asking no questions,' I have been offered £10,000 down, and £900 a year guaranteed during the lifetime of the wealthy man who made the offer, if I would set up a Foundling Institution. A basket was to be placed outside, and no attempt was ever to be made either to see the woman or to discover from whence she came or where she went. This, again, I refused. We *must* know all we can about the little ones who come here, and every possible means is taken to trace them. A photo is taken of every child when it arrives—even in tatters; it is re-photographed again when it is altogether a different small creature."

Concerning these photographs, a great deal might be said, for the photographic studio at Stepney is an institution in itself. Over 30,000 negatives have been taken, and the photograph of any child can be turned up at a moment's notice. Out of this arrangement romantic incidents sometimes grow.

Here is one of many. A child of three

years old, discovered in a village in Lancashire deserted by its parents, was taken to the nearest workhouse. There were no other children in the workhouse at the time, and a lady visitor, struck with the forlornness of the little girl waif, beginning life under the shadow of the workhouse, benevolently wrote to Dr. Barnardo, and after some negotiations the child was admitted to the Homes and its photograph taken. Then it went down to the Girls' Village Home at Ilford, where it grew up in one of the cottage families until eleven years old.



FRANKIE'S BOX, EXTERIOR.

One day a lady called on Dr. Barnardo and told him a sad tale concerning her own child, a little girl, who had been stolen by a servant who owed her a spite, and who was lost sight of years ago. The lady had done all she could at the time to trace her child in vain, and had given up the pursuit; but lately an unconquerable desire to resume her inquiries filled her. Among other places, she applied to the police in London, and the authorities suggested that she should call at Stepney.

*From a]* FRANKIE'S BOX, INTERIOR. *[Photograph.*

Dr. Barnardo could, of course, give her no clue whatever. Eight years had passed since the child had been lost; but one thing he could do—he could turn to his huge photographic album, and show her the faces of all the children who had been received within certain dates. This was done, and in the course of turning over the pages the lady's eye fell on the face of the little girl waif received from a Lancashire workhouse, and with much agitation declared that she was her child. The girl was still at Ilford. In an hour's time she was fetched up, and found to be a well-grown, nice-mannered child of eleven years of age—to be folded immediately in her mother's arms. "There could be no doubt," the Doctor added, "of the parentage; they were so much alike." Of course, inquiries had to be made as to the position of the lady, and assurances given that she was really able to maintain the child, and that it would be well cared for. These being satisfactory, Dorothy changed hands, and is now being brought up under her mother's eye.

The boys and girls admitted to the fifty Homes under Dr. Barnardo's care are of all nationalities — black and white, even Hindus and Chinese. A little while ago there were fourteen languages spoken in the Homes.

"And what about naming the 'unknown'?" I asked. "What about folk who want to adopt a child and are willing to take one of yours?"

"In the naming of unknown children," the Doctor replied, "we have no certain method, but allow ourselves to be guided by the facts of the case. A very small boy, two years ago, was discovered destitute upon a doorstep in Oxford. He was taken to the workhouse, and, after more or less investigation to discover the people who abandoned him, he came into my hands. He had no name, but he was forthwith christened, and given the name of a very celebrated building standing close to where he was found.

"*Marie Perdu* suggests at once the history which attaches to her. *Rachel Trouvé* is equally suggestive. That we have not more names of this sort is due to the fact that we insist upon the most minute, elaborate and careful investigation of every case; and it is, I think, to the credit of our institutions that not more than four or five small infants have been admitted from the first without our having been able to trace each child home to its parentage, and to fill our records with incidents of its early history.

"Regarding the question of adoption. I am very slow to give a child out for adoption in England. In Canada—by-the-bye, during the

year 1892, 720 boys and girls have emigrated to the Colonies, making a grand total of 5,834 young folks who have gone out to Canada and other British Colonies since this particular branch was started. As I was saying, in Canada, if a man adopts a child it really becomes as his own. If a girl, he must provide her with a marriage dowry."

"But the little ones—the very tiny ones, Dr. Barnardo, where do they go?" I interrupted.

"To 'Babies' Castle' at Hawkhurst, in Kent. A few go to Ilford, where the Girls' Village Home is. It is conducted on the cottage principle—which means *home*. I send some there—one to each cottage. Others are 'boarded out' all over the kingdom, but a good many, especially the feebler ones who need special medical and nursing care, go to 'Babies' Castle,' where you were—one day last summer!"

One day last summer! It was remembered only too well, and more so when we hurried out into the cold air outside and hastened our footsteps—eastwards. And as we walked along I listened to the story of Dr. Barnardo's first Arab boy. His love for waifs and strays as a child increased with years; it had been impressed upon his boyish memory, and when he became a young man and walked the wards of the London Hospital, it increased.

It was the winter of 1866. Together with one or two fellow students he conducted a ragged school in an old stable. The young student told the children stories—simple and understandable, and read to them such works as the "Pilgrim's Progress." The nights were cold, and the young students subscribed together—in a practical move—for a huge fire. One night young Barnardo was just about to go when, approaching the warming embers to brace himself up for the snow outside, he saw a boy lying there. He was in rags; his face pinched with hunger and suffering.

"Now then, my boy—it's time to go," said the medico.

"Please, sir, *do* let me stop."

"I can't, my lad—it's time to go home. Where do you live?"

"*Don't live nowhere, sir!*"

"Nowhere! Where's your father and mother?"

"Ain't got none, sir!"

"For the first time in my life," said Dr. Barnardo as he was telling this incident, "I was brought face to face with the misery of outcast childhood. I questioned the lad. He had been sleeping in the streets for two or three years—he knew every corner of refuge in London. Well, I took him to my lodgings. I had a bit of a struggle with the landlady to allow him to come in, but at last I succeeded, and we had some coffee together.

"His reply to one question I asked him impressed me more than anything else.

"'Are there many more like you?' I asked,

"'*Heaps, sir.*'

"He spoke the truth. He took me to one spot near Houndsditch. There I obtained my first view of real Arab life. Eleven lads—some only nine and ten years of age—lay on the roof of a building. It was a strange sight—the moon seemingly singling out every sleeper for me. Another night we went together over to the Queen's Shades, near Billingsgate. On the top of a number of barrels, covered with tarpaulin, seventy-three fellows were sleeping. I had the whole lot out for a halfpenny apiece.

"'By God's help,' I cried inwardly, 'I'll help these fellows.'

"Owing to a meeting at Islington my experiences got into the daily Press. The late Lord Shaftesbury sent for me, and one night at his house at dinner I was chaffed for 'romancing.' When Lord Shaftesbury went with me to Billingsgate that same night and found thirty-seven boys there, he knew the terrible truth. So we started with fifteen or twenty boys, in lodgings, friends paying for them. Then I opened a dilapidated house, once occupied by a stock dealer, but with the help of brother medicos it was cleaned, scrubbed, and whitewashed. We begged, borrowed, and very nearly stole the needful bedsteads. The place was ready, and it was soon filled with twenty-five boys. And the work grew—and grew—and grew—you know what it is to-day!"

We had now reached Whitechapel. The night had increased in coldness, the snow completely covered the roads and pavements, save where the ruts, made by the slowly moving traffic and pedestrians' tread, were visible. To escape from the keen and cutting air would indeed have been a blessing—a blessing that was about to be realized in strange places. Turning sharply up a side street, we walked a short distance and stopped at a certain house. A gentle tap, tap at the door. It was opened by a woman, and we entered. It was a vivid picture—a picture of low life altogether indescribable.

The great coke fire, which never goes out save when the chimney is swept, and in front

of which were cooking pork chops, steaks, mutton-chops, rashers of bacon, and that odoriferous marine delicacy popularly known as a bloater, threw a strange glare upon "all sorts and conditions of men." Old men, with histories written on every wrinkle of their faces; old women, with straggling and unkempt white hair falling over their shoulders; young men, some with eyes that hastily dropped at your gaze; young women, some with never-mind-let's-enjoy-life-while-we're-here expressions on their faces; some with stories of misery and degradation plainly lined upon their features—boys and girls; and little ones! Tiny little ones!

Still, look at the walls; at the ceiling. It is the time of Christmas. Garlands of paper chains are stretched across; holly and evergreens are in abundance, and even the bunch of mistletoe is not missing. But, the little ones rivet my attention. Some are a few weeks old, others two, three, four, and five years old. Women are nursing them. Where are their mothers? I am told that they are out—and this and that girl is receiving twopence or threepence for minding baby until mother comes home once more. The whole thing is too terribly real; and now, now I begin to understand a little about Dr. Barnardo's work and the urgent necessity for it. "Save the children," he cries, "at any cost from becoming such as the men and women are whom we see here!"

That night I visited some dozen, perhaps twenty, of these lodging-houses. The same men and women were everywhere, the same fire, the same eatables cooking—even the chains of coloured papers, the holly and the bunch of mistletoe—and the wretched children as well.

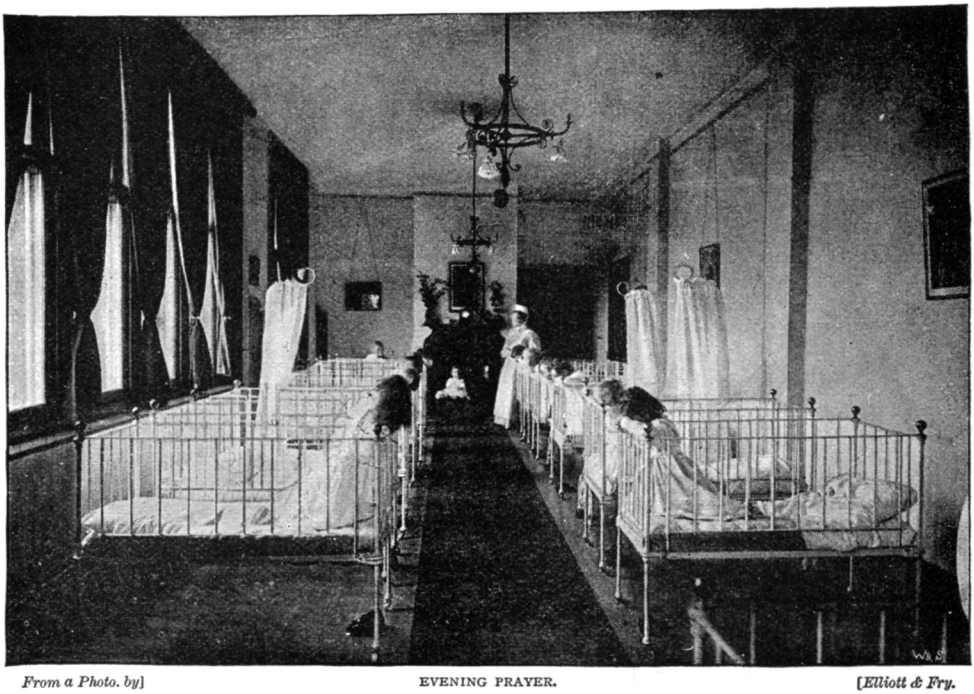
Hurrying away from these scenes of the nowadays downfall of man and woman, I returned home. I lit my pipe and my memory went away to the months of song and sunshine—one day last summer!

I had got my parcel of toys—balls and steam-engines, dolls, and funny little wooden men that jump about when you pull the string, and what-not. But, I had forgotten the sweets. Samuel Huggins, however, who is licensed to sell tobacco and snuff at Hawkhurst, was the friend in need. He filled my pockets—for a consideration. And, the fine red-brick edifice, with clinging ivy about its walls, and known as "Babies' Castle," came in view.

Here they are—just on their way to dinner. Look at this little fellow! He is leading on either side a little girl and boy. The little girl is a blind idiot, the other youngster is also blind; yet he knows every child in the place by touch. He knew what a railway engine was. And the poor little girl got the biggest rubber ball in the pack, and for five hours she sat in a corner bouncing it against her forehead with her two hands.

Here they come—the fifty yards' race down the corridor; a dozen of the very smallest crawling along, chuckling and screaming with excitement. Frank leads the way. Artful Frank! He is off bottles now, but he still has an inclination that way, and, unless his miniature friends and acquaintances keep a sharp look-out, he annexes theirs in the twinkling of an eye. But, then, Frank is a veritable young prize-fighter. And as the race continues, a fine Scotch collie—Laddie—jumps and flies over the heads of the small competitors for the first in to lunch. You don't believe it? Look at the picture of Tommy lying down with his head resting peacefully on Laddie. Laddie! To him the children are as lambs. When they are gambolling in the green fields he wanders

*From a Photo. by*] "LADDIE" AND "TOMMY." [*Elliott & Fry.*

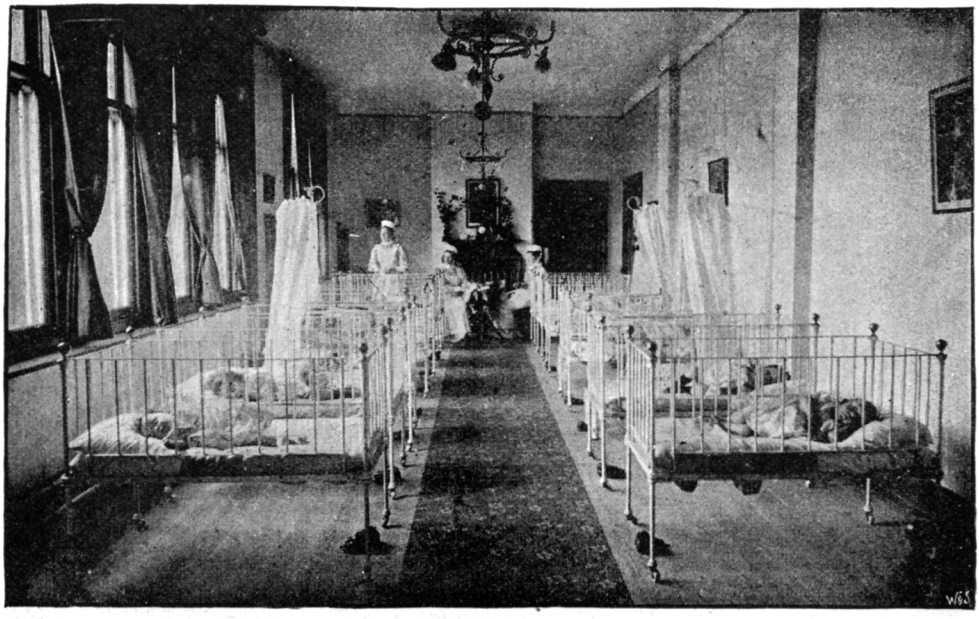


*From a Photo. by]* EVENING PRAYER. *[Elliott & Fry.*

about amongst them, and "barks" them home when the time of play is done and the hour of prayer has come, when the little ones kneel up in their cots and put up their small petitions.

Here they are in their own particular dining-room. Never were such huge bowls of meat soup set before children. Still, they'll eat every bit, and a sweet or two on the top of that. I asked myself a hundred times, Can these ever have been such children as I have seen in the slums? This is

*From a Photo. by]* THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*



*From a Photo. by]* THE MID-DAY SLEEP. *[Elliott & Fry.*

little Daisy. Her name is not the only pretty thing about her. She has a sweet face. Daisy doesn't know it; but her mother went mad, and Daisy was born in a lunatic asylum. Notice this young man who seems to take in bigger spoonfuls than all the others. He's got a mouth like a money box—open to take all he can get. But when he first came to "Babies' Castle" he was so weak—starved in truth—that for days he was carried about on a pillow. Another little fellow's father committed suicide. Fail not to observe and admire the appetite of Albert Edward. He came with no name, and he was christened so. His companions call him "The Prince!" Yet another. This little girl's mother is to-day a celebrated beauty—and her next-door diner was farmed out and insured. When fourteen months old the child only weighed fourteen pounds. Every child is a picture—the wan cheeks are no more, a rosy hue and healthy flush are on every face.

After dinner comes the mid-day sleep of two hours.

Now, I must needs creep through the bedrooms, every one of which

*From a Photo. by]* SISTER ALICE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* "ANNIE'S BATH." *[Elliott & Fry.*

"Who are you, my little one?" I whispered.

And the whisper came back—"I'm Sister's Fidget!"

"Sister's who?"

"Sister's Fidget, please, sir."

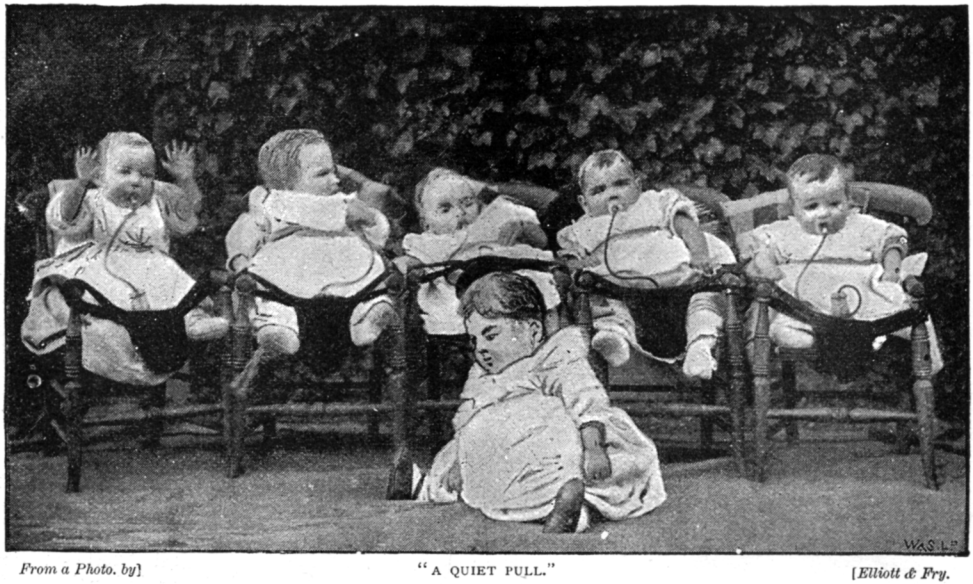
I learnt afterwards that she was a most useful young woman. All the clothes worn at "Babies'Castle" are given by friends. No clothing is bought, and this young woman has them all tried on her, and after the fitting of some thirty or forty frocks, etc., she—fidgets! Hence her name.

"But why does that little boy sleep by you?" I questioned again.

"That's Erney. He walks in his seep. One night I couldn't seep. As I was tieing to look out of the window—Erney came

is a pattern of neatness. The boots and shoes are placed under the bed—not a sound is heard. Amongst the sleepers the "Midget" is to be found. It was the "Midget" who came in the basket from Newcastle, "with care." I had crept through all the dormitories save one, when a sight I had not seen in any of the others met me. It was in a double bed—the only one at "Babies'Castle." A little boy lay sleeping by the side of a four-year-old girl. Possibly it was my long-standing leaning over the rails of the cot that woke the elder child. She slowly opened her eyes and looked up at me.

*From a Photo. by]* IN THE INFIRMARY. *[Elliott & Fry.*



*From a Photo. by]* "A QUIET PULL." *[Elliott & Fry.*

walking down here. He was fast aseep. I got up ever so quick."

"And what did you do?'

"Put him in his bed again!"

I went upstairs with Sister Alice to the nursery. Here are the very smallest of them all. Some of the occupants of the white enamel cribs—over which the name of the babe appears—are only a very few weeks old. Here is Frank in a blue frock. It was Frank who came in the condensed milk box. He is still at his bottle as he was when first he came. Sleeping opposite each other are the fat lady and gentleman of the establishment. Annie is only seven months and three days old. She weighs 16lb. 4oz. She was bathed later on—and took to the water beautifully. Arthur is eleven months. He only weighs 22lb. 4oz.! Eighteen gallons of milk are consumed every day at "Babies' Castle," from sixty to seventy bottles filled per diem, and all the bottle babies are weighed every week and their record carefully kept. A glance through this book reveals the indisputable fact that Arthur puts on flesh at a really alarming rate. But there are many others who are "growing" equally as well. The group of youngsters who were carried from the nursery to the garden, where they could sit in their chairs in the sunshine and enjoy a quiet pull at their respective bottles, would want a lot of beating for

*From a Photo. by]* IN THE SCHOOLROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

healthy faces, lusty voices, and seemingly never-to-be-satisfied appetites.

A piteous moan is heard. It comes from a corner partitioned off. The coverlet is gently cast on one side for a moment, and I ask that it may quickly be placed back again. It is the last one sent to "Babies' Castle." I am wondering still if this poor little mite can live. It is five months old. It weighs 4lb. 11oz. Such was the little one when I was at "Babies' Castle."

*From a Photo. by*] THE NURSING STAFF. [*Elliott & Fry.*

I looked in at the surgery, presided over by a fully-qualified lady doctor; thence to the infirmary, where were just three or four occupants suffering from childish complaints, the most serious of which was that of the youngster christened "Jim Crow." Jimmy was "off his feed." Still, he could shout—aye, as loud as did his famous namesake. He sat up in his little pink flannel nightgown, and screamed with delight. And poor Jimmy soon learnt how to do it. He only had to pull the string, and the aforementioned funny little wooden man kicked his legs about as no mortal ever did, could, or will.

I saw the inhabitants at "Babies' Castle" in the schoolroom. Here they are happily perched on forms and desks, listening to some simple story, which appeals to their childish fancies. How they sing! They "bring down the house" with their thumping on the wooden desks as an accompaniment to the "big bass drum," whilst a certain youngster's rendering of a juvenile ditty, known as "The Muffin Man," is calculated to make one remember his vocal efforts whenever the hot and juicy muffin is put on the breakfast table. Little Mary still trips it neatly. She can't quite forget the days and nights when she used to accompany her mother round the public-houses and dance for coppers. Jane is also a terpsichorean artiste, and tingles the tam-

*From a Photo. by*] "BABIES' BROUGHAM." [*Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* AT THE GATE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

bourine to the stepping of her feet; whilst Annie is another disciple of the art, and sings a song with the strange refrain of "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!"

Now, hurrah for play!—and off we go helter-skelter to the fields, Laddie barking and jumping at the youngsters with unsuppressed delight.

If you can escape from joining in their games—but they are irresistible—do, and walk quietly round and take stock of these rescued little ones. Notice this small contingent just starting from the porch. Babies' brougham only consists of a small covered cart, with a highly respectable donkey—warranted not to proceed too fast—attached to it. Look at this group at the gate. They can't quite understand what "the genelman" with the cloth over his head and a big brown box on three pieces of stick is going to do, but it is all right. They are taught to smile here, and the photographer did not forget to put it down. And I open the gate and let them down the steps, the little girl with the golden locks all over her head sharply advising her smaller companions to "Come along—come along!" Then young Christopher mounts the rocking-horse of the establishment, the swinging-boats are quickly crammed up with passengers, and twenty or thirty more little minds are again set wondering as to why "the genelman" will wrap his head up in a piece of black cloth and cover his eyes whenever he wants to *see* them! And the Castle perambulator! How pretty the occupants—how ready the hands to give Susan and Willie a

*From a Photo. by]* IN THE PLAYING FIELDS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

*From a Photo. by]* THE "CASTLE" PERAMBULATOR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

trip round. They shout, they jump, they do all and more than most children, so wild and free is their delight.

The sun is shining upon these one-time waifs and strays, these children of the East—the flowers seem to grow for them, and the grass keeps green as though to atone for the dark days which ushered in their birth. Let them sing to-day—they were made to sing—let them be *children* indeed. Let them shout and tire their tiny limbs in play—they will sleep all the better for it, and eat a bigger breakfast in the morning. The nurses are beginning to gather in their charges. Laddie is leaping and barking round the hedge-rows in search of any wanderers.

And the inhabitants of "Babies' Castle" congregate on the steps of their home. We are saying "Good-bye." "Jim Crow" is held up to the window inside, and little Ernest, the blind boy, waves his hands with the others and shouts in concert. I drive away. But one can hear their voices just as sweet to-night as on one day last summer!

HARRY HOW.

*From a Photo. by]* ON THE STEPS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

# *Beauties :—Children.*

MISS CROSS.
*From a Photo. by A. Bassano.*

MISS WATERLOW.
*From a Photo. by A. Bassano.*

MISS IRIS MARGUERITE FOSTER.
*From a Photo. by J. S. Catford, Ilfracombe.*

MISS WHITE.
*From Photographs by*

MISS WINSTEAD.

MISS SERJEANT.
*Alex. Bassano.*

MISS DUNLOP.
*From Photo. by A. Bassano.*

*From a Photo. by]* MISS BEAUMONT. *[Pentney*

*From a Photo. by]* THE MISSES WHITE. *[A. Bassano.*

# *Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.*

## VIII.—THE MASKED RULER OF THE BLACK WRECKERS

By Charles J. Mansford, B.A.

I.

"HASSAN," called Denviers to our guide in an imperative tone, as the latter was looking longingly at the wide expanse of sea over which our boat was helplessly drifting, "lie down yonder immediately!" The Arab rose slowly and reluctantly, and then extended himself at the bottom of the boat out of sight of the tempting waters.

"How much longer are these torments to last, Frank?" I asked wearily, as I looked into the gaunt, haggard face of my companion as we sat in the prow of our frail craft and gazed anxiously but almost hopelessly onward to see if land might even yet loom up in the distance.

"Can't say, Harold," he responded; "but I think we can hold out for two more days, and surely by that time we shall either reach some island or else be rescued by a passing vessel." Two more days—forty-eight more hours of this burning heat and thirst! I glanced most uneasily at our guide as he lay impassively in the boat, then I continued:—

"Do you think that Hassan will be able to resist the temptation of these maddening waters round us for so long as that?" There was a serious look which crossed Denviers' face as he quietly replied:—

"I hope so, Harold; we are doing our best for him. The Arab gets a double share now of our pitifully slender stock, although, happily, he doesn't know it; if he did he would certainly refuse to take his dole of rice and scanty draught of water, and then I'm afraid that it would be all over with him. He bears up bravely enough, but I don't at all like the bright look in his eyes which has been there for the last few hours. We must have travelled now more than half way across the Bay of Bengal with such a driving wind as this behind us. It's certainly lucky for us that our valuables were not on board the other boat, for we shall never see that again, nor its cowardly occupants. The horses, our tent, and some of our weapons are, of course, gone altogether, but we shall be able to shift for ourselves well enough if once we are so lucky as to reach land again."

"HELPLESSLY DRIFTING."

"I can't see of what use any weapons are just at present," I responded, "nor, for the matter of that, the gems which we have hidden about our persons. For the whole five days during which we have been driven on by this fierce, howling wind I have not

seen a living thing except ourselves—not even a bird of the smallest size."

"Because they know more about these storms than we do, and make for the land accordingly," said Denviers; then glancing again at the Arab, he continued:—

"We must watch Hassan very closely, and if he shows signs of being at all likely to lose his self-control, we shall have to tie him down. We owe a great deal to him in this present difficulty, because it was entirely through his advice that we brought any provisions with us at all."

"That is true enough," I replied; "but how were we to know that a journey which we expected would occupy less than six hours was to end in our being cast adrift at the mercy of wind and wave in such a mere cockle-shell as this boat is, and so driven sheer across this waste of waters?"

"Well, Harold," said Denviers, quietly, "we must stick to our original plan of resting turn and turn about if we wish to keep ourselves alive as long as possible. I will continue my watch from the prow, and meantime you had better endeavour to obtain some rest; at all events we won't give in just yet." He turned his head away from me as he spoke and narrowly surveyed the scene around us, magnificent as it was, notwithstanding its solitude and the perils which darkly threatened us.

Leaving the hut of the Cingalese after our adventure with the Dhahs in the forest of Ceylon, we had made our way to Trincomalee, where we had embarked upon a small sailing boat, similar in size and shape to those which may be constantly seen on the other side of the island, and which are used by the pearl-divers. We had heard of some wonderful sea-worn caves, which were to be seen on the rocky coast at some distance from Trincomalee, and had thus set out, intending afterwards to land on a more southerly portion of the island—for we had determined to traverse the coast, and, returning to Colombo again, to take ship for Burmah. Our possessions were placed in a second boat, which had a planked covering of a rounded form, beneath which they were secured from the dashing spray affecting them. We had scarcely got out for about an hour's distance when the natives stolidly refused to proceed farther, declaring that a violent storm was about to burst upon us. We, however, insisted on continuing our journey, when those in the second boat suddenly turned its prow round and made hastily for the land, at the same time that our own boatman dived from the side and dexterously clambered up on the retreating boat, leaving us to shift for ourselves as best we could. Their fears were only too well grounded, for before we were able to make an attempt to follow them as they coolly made off with our property in the boat, the wind struck our own little boat heavily, and out to sea we went, driven through the rapidly rising waves in spite of our efforts to render the boat manageable.

For five days we had now been whirled violently along; a little water and a few handfuls of rice being all that we had to share between the three of us who occupied the boat, and upon whom the sun each day beat fiercely down in a white heat, increasing our sufferings ten-fold—the effects of which could be seen plainly enough as we looked into each other's faces.

Behind us the sun had just set in a sky that the waves seemed to meet in the distance, and to be blended with them into one vast purple and crimson heaving mass. Round us and before us, the waters curled up into giant waves, which flung high into the air ridges of white foam and then fell sheer down into a yawning gulf, only to rise again nearer and nearer to the quivering sides of our frail craft, which still pressed on—on to where we expected to meet with death rather than rescue, as we saw the ripped sail dip itself into the seething waters like the wing of a wounded sea-bird.

Following my companion's suggestion I lay down and closed my eyes, and was so much exhausted, indeed, that before long I fell into a restless sleep, from which I at last awoke to hear Denviers speaking to me as he shook my arm gently to arouse me.

"Harold," he said, in a subdued tone, "I want you to see whether I am deceiving myself or not. Come to the prow of the boat and tell me what you can see from there."

I rose slowly, and as I did so gave a glance at the Arab, who was lying quite still in the bottom of the boat, where Denviers had commanded him to rest some hours before. Then, following the direction in which my companion pointed, I looked far out across the waves. The storm had abated considerably in the hours during which I had slept, for the waters which stretched round us were becoming as still as the starlit sky above. Looking carefully ahead of us, I thought that in the distance I could discern the faint flicker of a flame, and accordingly pointed it out to Denviers.

"Then I am not mistaken," he exclaimed. "I have been watching it for some time, and as the waves have become less violent, it seemed to shine out; but I was afraid that after all I might be deluding myself by raising such a hope of assistance, for, as you know, our guide Hassan has been seeing land all day, which, unfortunately for us, only existed in his imagination."

"He is asleep," I responded; "we will watch this light together, and when we get near to it, then he can be awakened if necessary." We slowly drew closer and closer to the flame, and then we thought that we could discern before us the mast of a vessel, from which the light seemed to be hung out into the air. At last we were sufficiently near to clearly distinguish the mast, which was evidently rising from out of the sea, for the hull of the vessel was not apparent to us, even when we were cast close to it.

"A wreck!" cried Denviers, leaning over the prow of our boat. "We were not the only ones who suffered from the effects of the driving storm." Then pointing a little to the east of the mast, he continued:—

"There is land at last, for the tops of several trees are plainly to be seen." I looked eastward as he spoke, and then back again to the mast of the vessel.

"We have been seen by those clinging yonder," I exclaimed. "There is a man evidently signalling to us to save him." Denviers scanned the mast before us, and replied:—

"There is only one man clinging there, Harold. What a strange being he is—look!" Clinging to the rigging with one hand, a man, who was perfectly black and almost clothless, could be seen holding aloft towards us a blazing torch, the glare of which fell full upon his face.

"We must save him," said Denviers, "but I'm afraid there will be some difficulty in doing so. Wake Hassan as quickly as you can." I roused the Arab, and when he scanned the face and form of the apparently wrecked man he said, in a puzzled tone:—

"Sahibs, the man looks like a Papuan, but we are far too distant from their land for that to be so."

"The mast and ropes seem to me to be very much weather-beaten," I interposed, as the light showed them clearly. "Why, the wreck is an old one!"

"Jump!" cried Denviers, at that moment, to the man clinging to the rigging, just as the waters, with a swirl, sent us past the ship. The watcher flung his blazing torch into the waves, and the hiss of the brand was followed by a splash in the sea. The holder of it had dived from the rigging and directly after reappeared and clambered into our boat, saved from death, as we thought—little knowing the fell purpose for which he had been stationed to hold out the flaring torch as a welcoming beacon to be seen afar by any vessel in distress. I glanced at the dangerous ring of coral reef round the island on which the ship had once struck, and then looked at the repulsive islander, who sat gazing at us with a savage leer. Although somewhat resembling a Papuan, as Hassan had said, we were soon destined to know what he really was, for the Arab, who had been glancing narrowly and suspiciously at the man, whispered to us cautiously:—

"A STRANGE BEING."

"Sahibs, trust not this islander. We must have reached the land where the Tamils dwell. They have a sinister reputation, which even your slave has heard. This savage is one of those who lure ships on to the coral reefs, and of whom dark stories are told. He is a black wrecker!"

II.

We managed by means of Hassan to communicate to the man who was with us in the boat that we were desperately in need of food, to which he made some unintelligible response. Hassan pressed the question upon him again, and then he volunteered to take our boat through the dangerous reefs which were distinguishable in the clear waters, and to conduct us to the shore of the island, which we saw was beautifully wooded. He managed the boat with considerable skill, and when at last we found ourselves upon land once again, we began to think that, perhaps, after all, the natives might be friendly disposed towards us.

Our new-found guide entered a slight crevice in the limestone rock, and came forth armed with a stout spear tipped, as we afterwards found, with a shark's tooth.

"I suppose we must trust to fortune," said Denviers, as we carefully followed the black in single file over a surface which seemed to be covered with a mass of holes.

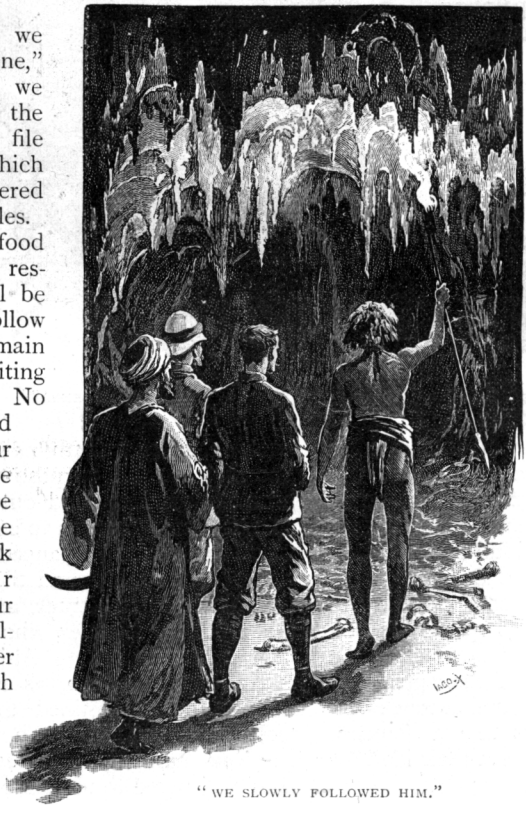
"We must get food somehow," I responded. "It will be just as safe to follow this Tamil as to remain on the shore waiting for daybreak. No doubt, if we did so the news of our arrival would be taken to the tribe and an attack made upon us. Thank goodness, our pistols are in our belts after all, although our other weapons went with the rest of the things which we lost."

The ground which we were traversing now began to assume more the appearance of a zigzag pathway, leading steeply downward, however, for we could see it as it twisted far below us, and apparently led into a plain. The Tamil who was leading the way seemed to purposely avoid any conversation with us, and Denviers catching up to him grasped him by the shoulder. The savage stopped suddenly and shortened his hold upon the spear, while his face glowed with all the fury of his fierce nature.

"Where does this path lead to?" Denviers asked, making a motion towards it to explain the information which he desired to obtain. Hassan hurried up and explained the words which were returned in a guttural tone:—

"To where the food for which ye asked may be obtained."

The path now began to widen out, and we found ourselves, on passing over the plain which we had seen from above, entering a vast grotto from the roof of which long crystal prisms hung, while here and there natural pillars of limestone seemed to give their support to the roof above. Our strange guide now fastened a torch of some resinous material to the butt end of his spear and held it high above us as we slowly followed him, keeping close to each other so as to avoid being taken by surprise.



"WE SLOWLY FOLLOWED HIM."

The floor of this grotto was strewn with the bones of some animal, and soon we discovered that we were entering the haunt of the Tamil tribe. From the far end of the grotto we heard the sound of voices, and as we approached saw the gleam of a wood fire lighting up the scene before us. Round this were gathered a number of the tribe to which the man belonged, their spears resting in their hands as though they were ever watchful and ready to make an attack. Uttering a peculiar bird-like cry, the savage thus apprised

the others of our approach, whereupon they hastily rose from the fire and spread out so that on our nearing them we were immediately surrounded.

"Hassan," said Denviers, "tell these grinning niggers that we mean to go no farther until they have provided us with food."

The Arab managed to make himself understood, for the savage who had led us into the snare pointed to one of the caverns which ran off from the main grotto, and said:—

"Sports of the ocean current, which brought ye into the way whence ye may see the Great Tamil, enter there and food shall be given to ye."

We entered the place pointed out with considerable misgivings, for we had not forgotten the plot of the Hindu fakir. We could see very little of its interior, which was only partly lighted by the torch which the Tamil still carried affixed to his spear. He left us there for a few minutes, during which we rested on the limestone floor, and, being unable to distinguish any part of the cavern around us, we watched the entry closely, fearing attack. The shadows of many spears were flung before us by the torch, and, concluding that we were being carefully guarded, we decided to await quietly the Tamil's return. The much-needed food was at length brought to us, and consisted of charred fragments of fish, in addition to some fruit, which served us instead of water, for none of the last was given to us. The savage contemptuously threw what he had brought at our feet, and then departed. Being anxious to escape, we ventured to approach again the entrance of the cavern, but found ourselves immediately confronted by a dozen blacks, who held their spears in a threatening manner as they glared fiercely at us, and uttered a warning exclamation.

"Back to the cave!" they cried, and thinking that it would be unwise for us to endeavour to fight our way through them till day dawned, we returned reluctantly, and threw ourselves down where we had rested before. After some time, the Tamil who evidently looked upon us as his own prisoners entered the cavern, and with a shrill laugh motioned to us to follow him. We rose, and re-entering the grotto, were led by the savage through it, until at last we stood confronting a being at whom we gazed in amazement for some few minutes.

Impassive and motionless, the one whom we faced rested upon a curiously carved throne of state. One hand of the monarch held a spear, the butt end of which rested upon the ground, while the other hung rigidly to his side. But the glare which came from the torches which several of the Tamils had affixed to their spears revealed to us no view of the face of the one sitting there, for, over it, to prevent this, was a hideous mask, somewhat similar to that which exorcists wear in many Eastern countries. The nose was perfectly flat, from the sides of the head large ears protruded, huge tusks took the place of teeth, while the leering eyes were made of some reddish, glassy substance, the entire mask presenting a most repulsive appearance, being evidently intended to strike terror into those who beheld it. The strangest part of the scene was that one of the Tamils stood close by the side of the masked monarch, and seemed to act as interpreter, for the ruler never spoke, although the questions put by his subject soon convinced us that we were likely to have to fight our way out of the power of the savage horde.

"The Great Tamil would know why ye dared to land upon his sacred shores?" the fierce interpreter asked us. Denviers turned to Hassan, and said:—

"Tell the Great Tamil who hides his ugly face behind this mask that his treacherous subject brought us, and that we want to leave his shores as soon as we can." Hassan responded to the question, then the savage asked:—

"Will ye present your belts and weapons to the Great Tamil as a peace offering?" We looked at the savage in surprise for a moment, wondering if he shrewdly guessed that we had anything valuable concealed there. We soon conjectured rightly that this was only a ruse on his part to disarm us, and Hassan was instructed to say that we never gave away our weapons or belts to friends or foes.

"Then the Great Tamil orders that ye be imprisoned in the cavern from which ye have come into his presence until ye fulfil his command," said the one who was apparently employed as interpreter to the motionless ruler. We signified our readiness to return to the cave, for we thought that if attacked there we should have enemies only in front of us, whereas at that moment we were entirely surrounded. The fierce guards as they conducted us back endeavoured to incite us to an attack, for they several times viciously struck us with the butts of their spears, but, following Denviers' example, I managed to restrain my anger, waiting for a

"THE GREAT TAMIL."

good opportunity to amply repay them for the insult.

"What a strange ruler, Harold," said Denviers, as we found ourselves once more imprisoned within the cave.

"He made no attempt to speak," I responded; "at all events, I did not hear any words come from his lips. It looked like a piece of masquerading more than the interrogation of three prisoners. I wonder if there is any way of escaping out of this place other than by the entrance through which we came."

"We may as well try to find one," said Denviers, and accordingly we groped about the dim cave, running our hands over its roughened sides, but could discover no means of egress.

"We must take our chance, that is all," said my companion, when our efforts had proved unsuccessful. "I expect that they will make a strong attempt to disarm us, if nothing worse than that befalls us. These savages have a mania for getting possession of civilized weapons. One of our pistols would be to them a great treasure."

"Did you notice the bones which strewed the cavern when we entered?" I interrupted, for a strange thought occurred to me.

"Hush! Harold," Denviers whispered, as we reclined on the hard granite flooring of the cave. "I don't think Hassan observed them, and there is no need to let him know what we infer from them until we cannot prevent it. There is no reason why we should hide from each other the fact that these savages are evidently cannibals, which is in my opinion the reason why they lure vessels upon the reefs here. I noticed that several of them wore bracelets round their arms and ankles, taken no doubt from their victims. I should think that in a storm like the one which drove us hither, many vessels have drifted at times this way. We shall have to fight for our lives, that is pretty certain; I hope it will be in daylight, for as it is we should be impaled on their spears without having the satisfaction of first shooting a few of them."

"Sahibs," said Hassan, who had been resting at a little distance from us, "it will be best for us to seek repose in order to be fit for fighting, if necessary, when these savages demand our weapons."

"Well, Hassan," said Denviers, "you are better off than we are. True we have our pistols, but your sword has never left your side, and I dare say you will find plenty of use for it before long."

"If the Prophet so wills," said the Arab, "it will be at the service of the Englishmen. I rested for many hours on the boat before we reached this land, and will now keep watch lest any treachery be attempted by these Tamils." We knew that under the circumstances Hassan's keen sense of hearing would be more valuable than our own, and

after a slight protest agreed to leave him to his self-imposed task of watching while we slept. He moved close to the entrance of the cave, and we followed his example before seeking repose. Hassan made some further remark, to which I do not clearly remember responding, the next event recalled being that he awoke us from a sound sleep, saying:—

"Sahibs, the day has dawned, and the Tamils are evidently going to attack us." We rose to our feet and, assuring ourselves that our pistols were safe in our belts, we stood at the entrance of the cave and peered out. The Tamils were gathering round the spot, listening eagerly to the man who had first brought us into the grotto, and who was pointing at the cave in which we were and gesticulating wildly to his companions.

III.

THE savage bounded towards us as we appeared in the entry, and, grinning fiercely, showed his white, protruding teeth.

"The Great Tamil commands his prisoners to appear before him again," he cried. "He would fain learn something of the land whence they came." We looked into each other's faces irresolute for a minute. If we advanced from the cave we might be at once surrounded and slain, yet we were unable to tell how many of the Tamils held the way between us and the path down which we had come when entering the grotto.

"Tell him that we are ready to follow him," said Denviers to Hassan; then turning to me he whispered: "Harold, watch your chance when we are before this motionless nigger whom they call the Great Tamil. If I can devise a scheme I will endeavour to find a way to surprise them, and then we must make a dash for liberty." The Tamils, however, made no attempt to touch us as we passed out before them and followed the messenger sent to summon us to appear again before their monarch. The grotto was still gloomy, for the light of day did not penetrate well into it. We could, however, see clearly enough, and the being before whom we were brought a second time seemed more repulsive than ever. We noticed that the limbs of his subjects were tattooed with various designs as they stood round us and gazed in awe upon the silent form of their monarch.

"The Great Tamil would know whether ye have yet decided to give up your belts and weapons, that they may adorn his abode with the rest which he has accumulated," said the savage who stood by the monarch's spear, as he pointed to a part of the grotto where we saw a huge heap of what appeared to us to be the spoils of several wrecks. Our guide interpreted my companion's reply.

"We will not be disarmed," answered Denviers. "These are our weapons of defence; ye have your own spears, and they should be sufficient for your needs."

"Ye will not?" demanded the savage, fiercely.

"No!" responded Denviers, and he moved his right hand to the belt in which his pistols were.

"Seize them!" shrieked the impassioned savage; "they defy us. Drag them to the mortar and crush them into dust!" The words had scarcely passed his lips when Denviers rushed forward and snatched the

"DENVIERS RUSHED FORWARD."

mask from the Tamil sitting there! The savages around, when they saw this, seemed for a moment unable to move; then they threw themselves wildly to the ground and grovelled before the face which was thus revealed. The motionless arm of the form made no attempt to move from the side where it hung to protect the mask from Denviers' touch, for the rigid features upon which we looked at that moment were those of the dead!

"Quick, Harold!" exclaimed Denviers, as he saw the momentary panic which his action had caused among the superstitious Tamils. "On to the entry!" We bounded over the guards as they lay prostrate, and a moment afterwards were rushing headlong towards the entrance of the grotto. Our escape was by no means fully secured, however, for as we emerged we found several Tamils prepared to bar our further advance.

Denviers dashed his fist full in the face of one of the yelling savages, and in a moment got possession of the spear which he had poised, while the whirl of Hassan's blade cleared our path. I heard the whirr of a spear as it narrowly missed my head and pierced the ground before me. Wrenching it out of the hard ground I followed Hassan and Denviers as they darted up the zigzag path. On we went, the savages hotly pursuing us, then those in the van stopped until the others from the cave joined them, when they all made a mad rush together after us. Owing to the path zigzagging as it did, we were happily protected in a great measure from the shower of spears which fell around us.

We had nearly reached the top of the path when, turning round, I saw that our pursuers were only a few yards away, for the savages seemed to leap rather than to run over the ground, and certainly would leave us no chance to reach our boat and push off from them. Denviers saw them too, and cried to me:—

"Quick, Harold, lend Hassan and me a hand!" I saw that they had made for a huge piece of granite which was poised on a hollow, cup-like base, and directly afterwards the three of us were behind it straining with all our force to push it forward. The foremost savage had all but reached us when, with one desperate and successful attempt, we sent the monster stone crashing down upon the black, yelling horde!

We stopped and looked down at the havoc which had been wrought among them; then we pressed on, for we knew that our advantage was likely to be only of short duration, and that those who were uninjured would dash over their fallen comrades and follow us in order to avenge them. Almost immediately after we reached the spot where our boat was moored we saw one of our pursuers appear, eagerly searching for our whereabouts. We hastily set the sail to the breeze, which was blowing from the shore, while the savage wildly urged the others, who had now reached him, to dash into the water and spear us.

Holding their weapons between their teeth, fully twenty of the blacks plunged into the sea and made a determined effort to reach us. They swam splendidly, keeping their fierce eyes fixed upon us as they drew nearer and nearer.

"Shall we shoot them?" I asked Denviers, as we saw that they were within a short distance of us.

"We don't want to kill any more of these black man-eaters," he said; "but we must make an example of one of them, I suppose, or they will certainly spear us."

I watched the savage who was nearest to us. He reached the boat, and, holding on by one of his black paws, raised himself a little, then gripped his spear in the middle and drew it back. Denviers pointed his pistol full at the savage and fired. He bounded completely out of the water, then fell back lifeless among his companions! The death of one of their number so suddenly seemed to disconcert the rest, and before they could make another attack we were standing well out to sea. We saw them swim back to the shore and line it in a dark, threatening mass, brandishing their useless spears, until at last the rising waters hid the island from our view.

"A sharp brush with the niggers, indeed!" said Denviers. "The worst of it is that unless we are picked up before long by some vessel we must make for some part of the island again, for we must have food at any cost."

We had not been at sea, however, more than two hours afterwards when Hassan suddenly cried:—

"Sahibs, a ship!"

Looking in the direction towards which he was turned we saw a vessel with all sails set. We started up, and before long our signals were seen, for a boat was lowered and we were taken on board.

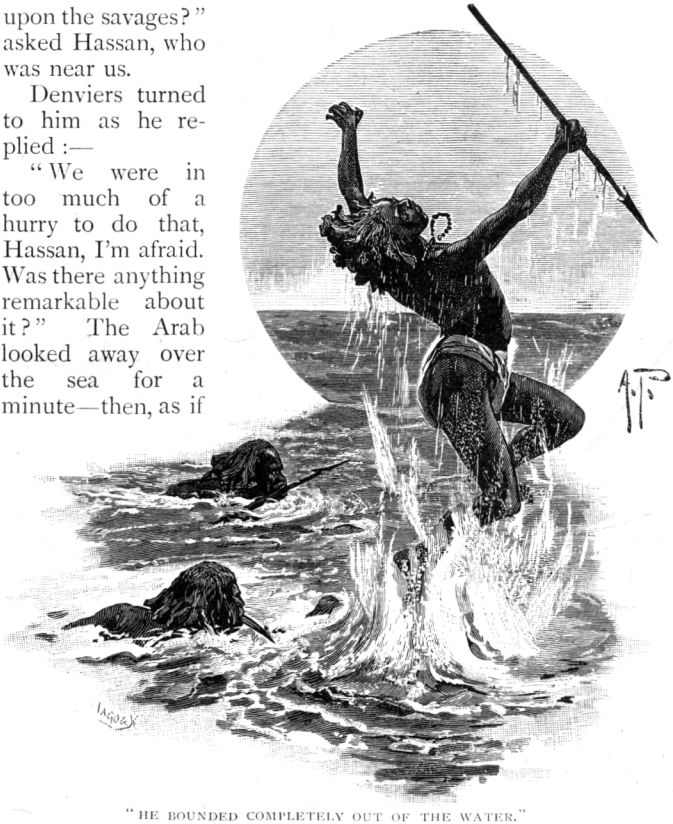
"Well, Harold," said Denviers, as we lay stretched on the deck that night, talking over our adventure, "strange to say we are bound for the country we wished to reach, although

we certainly started for it in a very unexpected way."

"Did the sahibs fully observe the stone which was hurled upon the savages?" asked Hassan, who was near us.

Denviers turned to him as he replied:—

"We were in too much of a hurry to do that, Hassan, I'm afraid. Was there anything remarkable about it?" The Arab looked away over the sea for a minute—then, as if talking to himself, he answered: "Great is Allah and his servant Mahomet, and strange the way in which he saved us. The huge stone which crushed the savages was the same with which they have destroyed their victims in the hollowed-out mortar in which it stood! I have once before seen such a stone, and the death to which they condemned us drew my attention to it as we pushed it down upon them."



"HE BOUNDED COMPLETELY OUT OF THE WATER."

"Then," said Denviers, "their strange monarch was not disappointed after all in his sentence being carried out—only it affected his own subjects."

"That," said Hassan, "is not an infrequent occurrence in the East; but so long as the proper number perishes, surely it matters little who complete it fully."

"A very pleasant view of the case, Hassan," said Denviers; "only we who live Westward will, I hope, be in no particular hurry to adopt such a custom; but go and see if you can find out where our berths are, for we want to turn in." The Arab obeyed, and returned in a few minutes, saying that he, the unworthy latchet of our shoes, had discovered them.

# *From Behind the Speaker's Chair.*

## II.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

LOOKING round the House of Commons now gathered for its second Session, one is struck by the havoc death and other circumstances have made with the assembly that filled the same chamber twenty years ago, when I first looked on from behind the Speaker's Chair. Parliament, like the heathen goddess, devours its own children. But the rapidity with which the process is completed turns out on minute inquiry to be a little startling. Of the six hundred and seventy members who form the present House of Commons, how many does the Speaker suppose sat with him in the Session of 1873?

Mr. Peel himself was then in the very prime of life, had already been eight years member for Warwick, and by favour of his father's old friend and once young disciple, held the office of Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. Members, if they paid any attention to the unobtrusive personality seated at the remote end of the Treasury Bench, never thought the day would come when the member for Warwick would step into the Chair and rapidly establish a reputation as the best Speaker of modern times.

THE SPEAKER.

I have a recollection of seeing Mr. Peel stand at the table answering a question connected with his department; but I noticed him only because he was the youngest son of the great Sir Robert Peel, and was a striking contrast to his brother Robert, a flamboyant personage who at that time filled considerable space below the gangway.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

In addition to Mr. Peel there are in the present House of Commons exactly fifty-one members who sat in Parliament in the Session of 1873—fifty-two out of six hundred and fifty-eight as the House of that day was numbered. Ticking them off in alphabetical order, the first of the Old Guard, still hale and enjoying the respect and esteem of members on both sides of the House, is Sir Walter Barttelot. As Colonel Barttelot he was known to the Parliament of 1873. But since then, to quote a phrase he has emphatically reiterated in the ears of many Parliaments, he has "gone one step farther," and become a baronet.

SIR W. BARTTELOT.

This tendency to forward movement seems to have been hereditary; Sir Walter's father, long honourably known as Smyth, going "one step farther" and assuming the name of Barttelot. Colonel Barttelot did not loom large in the Parliament of 1868-74, though he was always ready to do sentry duty on nights when the House was in Committee on the Army Estimates. It was the Parliament of 1874-80, when the air was full of rumours of war, when Russia and Turkey clutched each other by the throat at Plevna, and when the House of Commons, meeting for ordinary business, was one night startled by news that the Russian Army was at the gates of Constantinople—it was then Colonel Barttelot's military experience (chiefly gained in discharge of his duties as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Battalion Sussex Rifle Volunteers) was lavishly placed at the disposal of the House and the country.

When Disraeli was going out of office he made the Colonel a baronet, a distinction the more honourable to both since Colonel Barttelot, though a loyal Conservative, was never a party hack.

Sir Michael Beach sat for East Gloucestershire

in 1873, and had not climbed higher up the Ministerial ladder than the Under Secretaryship of the Home Department. Another Beach, then as now in the House, was the member for North Hants. William Wither Bramston Beach is his full style. Mr. Beach has been in Parliament thirty-six years, having through that period uninterruptedly represented his native county, Hampshire. That is a distinction he shares with few members to-day, and to it is added the privilege of being personally the obscurest man in the Commons. I do not suppose there are a hundred men in the House to-day who at a full muster could point out the member for Andover. A close attendance upon Parliament through twenty years necessarily gives me a pretty intimate knowledge of members. But I not only do not know Mr. Beach by sight, but never heard of his existence till, attracted by the study of relics of the Parliament elected in 1868, I went through the list.

MR. W. W. B. BEACH.

Another old member still with us is Mr. Michael Biddulph, a partner in that highly-respectable firm, Cocks, Biddulph, and Co. Twenty years ago Mr. Biddulph sat as member for his native county of Hereford, ranked as a Liberal and a reformer, and voted for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and other measures forming part of Mr. Gladstone's policy. But political events with him, as with some others, have moved too rapidly, and now he, sitting as member for the Ross Division of the county, votes with the Conservatives.

MR. A. H. BROWN.

Mr. Jacob Bright is still left to us, representing a division of the city for which he was first elected in November, 1867. Mr. A. H. Brown represents to-day a Shropshire borough, as he did twenty years ago. I do not think he looks a day older than when he sat for Wenlock in 1873. But though then only twenty-nine, as the almanack reckons, he was a middle-aged young man with whom it was always difficult to connect associations of a cornetcy in the 5th Dragoon Guards, a post of danger which family tradition persistently assigns to him. Twenty years ago the House was still struggling with the necessity of recognising a Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. In 1868, one Mr. Henry Campbell had been elected member for the Stirling Districts. Four years later, for reasons, it is understood, not unconnected with a legacy, he added the name of Bannerman to his patronymic. At that time, and till the dissolution, he sat on the Treasury Bench as Financial Secretary to the War Office.

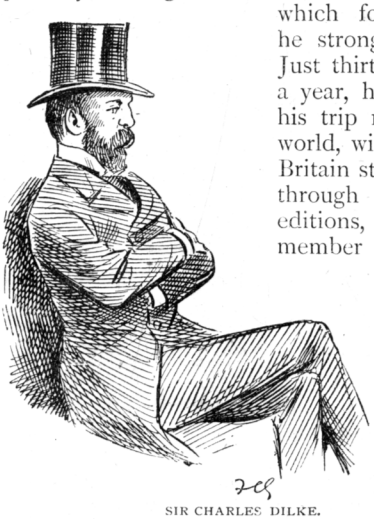
MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Mr. Henry Chaplin is another member, happily still left to us, who has, over a long space of years, represented his native county. It was as member for Mid-Lincolnshire he entered the House of Commons at the memorable general election of 1868, the fate of the large majority of his colleagues impressing upon him at the epoch a deeply rooted dislike of Mr. Gladstone and all his works.

MR. HENRY CHAPLIN.

Mr. Jeremiah James Colman, still member for Norwich, has sat for that borough since February, 1871, and has preserved, unto this last, the sturdy Liberalism imbued with which he embarked on political life. When he entered the House he made the solemn record that J. J. C. "does not consider the recent Reform Bill as the end at which we should rest." The Liberal Party has marched far since then, and the great Norwich manufacturer has always mustered in the van.

In the Session of 1873, Sir Charles Dilke had but lately crossed the threshold of manhood, bearing his days before him, and possibly viewing the brilliant career through which for a time he strongly strode. Just thirty, married a year, home from his trip round the world, with Greater Britain still running through successive editions, the young member for Chelsea had the ball at his feet. He had lately kicked it with audacious eccentricity. Two years earlier he had made his speech in Committee of Supply on the Civil List. If such an address were delivered in the coming Session it would barely attract notice any more than does a journey to America in one of the White Star Liners. It was different in the case of Columbus, and in degree Sir Charles Dilke was the Columbus of attack on the extravagance in connection with the Court.



SIR CHARLES DILKE.

What he said then is said now every Session, with sharper point, and even more uncompromising directness, by Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Storey, and others. It was new to the House of Commons twenty-two years ago, and when Mr. Auberon Herbert (to-day a sedate gentleman, who writes good Tory letters to the *Times*) seconded the motion in a speech of almost hysterical vehemence, there followed a scene that stands memorable even in the long series that succeeded it in the following Parliament. Mr. James Lowther was profoundly moved; whilst as for Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, his feelings of loyalty to the Throne were so overwrought that, as was recorded at the time, he went out behind the Speaker's chair, and crowed thrice. Amid the uproar, someone, anticipating the action of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar on another historic occasion, "spied strangers." The galleries were cleared, and for an hour there raged throughout the House a wild scene. When the doors were opened and the public readmitted, the Committee was found placidly agreeing to the vote Sir Charles Dilke had challenged.

Mr. George Dixon is one of the members for Birmingham, as he was twenty years ago, but he wears his party rue with a difference. In 1873 he caused himself to be entered in "Dod" as "an advanced Liberal, opposed to the ratepaying clause of the Reform Act, and in favour of an amendment of those laws which tend to accumulate landed property." Now Mr. Dixon has joined "the gentlemen of England," whose tendency to accumulate landed property shocks him no more.

MR. GEORGE DIXON.

Sir William Dyke was plain Hart Dyke in '73; then, as now, one of the members for Kent, and not yet whip of the Liberal Party, much less Minister of Education. Mr. G. H. Finch also then, as now, was member for Rutland, running Mr. Beach close for the prize of modest obscurity.

SIR W. HART DYKE.

In the Session of 1873 Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, sixty-four years of age, and wearied to death. I well remember him seated on the Treasury Bench in those days, with eager face and restless body. Sometimes, as morning broke on the long, turbulent sitting, he let his head fall back on the bench, closing his eyes and seeming to sleep; the worn face the while taking on ten years of added age. In the last two Sessions of the Salisbury Parliament he often looked younger than he had done eighteen or nineteen years earlier. Then, as has happened to him since, his enemies were those of his own household. This Session—of 1873—saw the birth of the Irish University Bill, which broke the power of the strongest Ministry that had ruled in England since the Reform Bill.

Mr. Gladstone introduced the Bill himself, and though it was singularly intricate, he within the space of three hours not only made it clear from preamble to schedule, but had talked over a predeterminedly hostile House into believing it would do well to accept it. Mr. Horsman, not an emotional person, went home after listening to the speech, and wrote a glowing letter to the *Times*, in which he hailed Mr. Gladstone and the Irish University Bill as the most notable of the recent dispensations of a beneficent Providence. Later, when the Tea-room teemed with cabal, and revolt rapidly spread through the Liberal host, presaging the defeat of the Government, Mr. Horsman, in his most solemn manner, explained away this letter to a crowded and hilarious House. The only difference between him and seven-eighths of Mr. Gladstone's audience was that he had committed the indiscretion of putting pen to paper whilst he was yet under the spell of the orator, the others going home to bed to think it over.

MR. GLADSTONE.

On the eve of a new departure, once more Premier, idol of the populace, and captain of a majority in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone's thoughts may peradventure turn to those weary days twenty years dead. He would not forget one Wednesday afternoon when the University Education Bill was in Committee, and Mr. Charles Miall was speaking from the middle of the third bench below the gangway. The Nonconformist conscience then, as now, was a ticklish thing. It had been pricked by too generous provision made for an alien Church, and Mr. Miall was solemnly, and with indubitable honest regret, explaining how it would be impossible for him to support the Government. Mr. Gladstone listened with lowering brow and face growing ashy pale with anger. When plain, commonplace Mr. Miall resumed his seat, Mr. Gladstone leaped to his feet with torpedoic action and energy. With voice stinging with angry scorn, and with magnificent gesture of the hand, designed for the cluster of malcontents below the gangway, he besought the honourable gentleman "in Heaven's name" to take his support elsewhere. The injunction was obeyed. The Bill was thrown out by a majority of three, and though, Mr. Disraeli wisely declining to take office, Mr. Gladstone remained on the Treasury Bench, his power was shattered, and he and the Liberal party went out into the wilderness to tarry there for six long years.

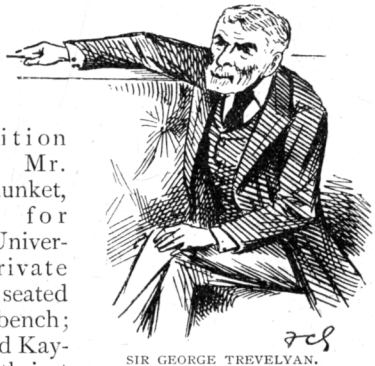
To this catastrophe gentlemen at that time respectively known as Mr. Vernon Harcourt and Mr. Henry James appreciably contributed. They worried Mr. Gladstone into dividing between them the law offices of the Crown. But this turn of affairs came too late to be of advantage to the nation. The only reminders of that episode in their political career are the title of knighthood and a six months' salary earned in the recess preceding the general election of 1874.

Mr. Disraeli's keen sight recognised the game being played on the Front Bench below the gangway, where the two then inseparable friends sat shoulder to shoulder. "I do not know," he slyly said, one night when the Ministerial crisis was impending, "whether the House is yet to regard the observations of the hon. member for Oxford (Vernon Harcourt) as carrying the authority of a Solicitor-General!"

Of members holding official or ex-official positions who will gather in the House of Commons this month, and who were in Parliament in 1873, are Mr. Goschen, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and Liberal member for the City of London; Lord George Hamilton, member for Middlesex, and not yet a Minister; Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, member for Reading, and Secretary to the Admiralty; Mr. J. Lowther, not yet advanced beyond the Secretaryship of the Poor Law Board, and that held only for a few months pending the Tory rout in 1868; Mr. Henry Matthews,

"MEMBER FOR DUNGARVAN."

then sitting as Liberal member for Dungarvan, proud of having voted for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869; Mr. Osborne Morgan, not yet on the Treasury Bench; Mr. Mundella, inseparable from Sheffield, then sitting below the gangway, serving a useful apprenticeship for the high office to which he has since been called; George Otto Trevelyan, now Sir George, then his highest title to fame being the Competition Wallah; Mr. David Plunket, member for Dublin University, a private member seated on a back bench; Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, just married, interested in the "First Principles of Modern Chemistry"; and Mr. Stansfeld, President of the Local Government Board, the still rising hope of the Radical party.



SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.

Members of the Parliament of 1868 in the House to-day, seated on back benches above or below the gangway, are Colonel Gourley, inconsolable at the expenditure on Royal yachts; Mr. Hanbury, as youthful-looking as his contemporary, ex-Cornet Brown, is aged; Mr. Staveley Hill, who is reported to possess an appreciable area of the American Continent; Mr. Illingworth, who approaches the term of a quarter of a century's unobtrusive but useful Parliamentary service; Mr. Johnston, still of Ballykilbeg, but no longer a Liberal, as he ranked twenty years ago; Sir John Kennaway, still towering over his leaders from a back bench above the gangway; Sir Wilfrid Lawson, increasingly wise, and not less gay than of yore; Mr. Lea, who has gone over to the enemy he faced in 1873; Sir John Lubbock, who, though no sluggard, still from time to time goes to the ants; Mr. Peter M'Lagan, who has succeeded Sir Charles Forster as Chairman of the Committee on Petitions; Sir John Mowbray, still, as in 1873, "in favour of sober, rational, safe, and temperate progress," and meanwhile voting against all Liberal measures; Sir Richard Paget, model of the old-fashioned Parliament man; Sir John Pender, who, after long exile, has returned to the Wick Burghs; Mr. T. B. Potter, still member for Rochdale, as he has been these twenty-seven years; Mr. F. S. Powell, now Sir Francis; Mr. William Rathbone, still, as in times of yore, "a decided Liberal"; Sir Matthew White Ridley, not yet Speaker; Sir Bernard Samuelson, back again to Banbury Cross; Mr. J. C. Stevenson, all these years member for South Shields; Mr. C. P. Villiers, grown out of Liberalism into the Fatherhood of the House; Mr. Hussey Vivian, now Sir Hussey; Mr. Whitbread, supremely sententious, courageously commonplace; and Colonel Saunderson.

SIR W. LAWSON.

SIR J. MOWBRAY.

But here there seems a mistake. There was an Edward James Saunderson in the Session of 1873 as there is one in the Session of 1893. But Edward James of twenty years ago sat for Cavan, ranked as a Liberal, and voted with Mr. Gladstone, which the Colonel Saunderson of to-day certainly does not. Yet, oddly enough, both date their election addresses from Castle Saunderson, Belturbet, Co. Cavan.

COLONEL SAUNDERSON.

By Leïla-Hanoum.

Translated from a Turkish Story.

I.

I WAS sold in Circassia when I was only six years old. My uncle, Hamdi-bey, who had inherited nothing from his dying brother but two children, soon got rid of us both. My brother Ali was handed over to some dervishes at the Mosque of Yéni-Chéïr, and I was sent to Constantinople.

The slave-dealer to whom I was taken was a woman who knew nothing of our language, so that I was obliged to learn Turkish in order to understand my new mistress. Numbers of customers came to her, and every day one or other of my companion slaves went away with their new owners.

Alas! my lot seemed terrible to me. I was nothing but a slave, and as such I had to humble myself to the dust in the presence of my mistress, who brought us up to be able to listen with the most immovable expression on our faces, and with smiles on our lips, to all the good qualities or faults that her customers found in us.

The first time that I was taken to the *sélamlik* (reception-room) I was ten years old. I was considered very pretty, and my mistress had bought me a costume of pink cotton, covered with a floral design; she had had my nails tinted and my hair plaited, and expected to get a very good price for me. I had been taught to dance, to curtesy humbly to the men and to kiss the ladies' *féradje* (cloaks), to hand the coffee (whilst kneeling) to the visitors, or stand by the door with my arms folded ready to answer the first summons. These were certainly not very great accomplishments, but for a child of my age they were considered enough, especially as, added to all that, I had a very white skin, a slender, graceful figure, black eyes and beautiful teeth.

I felt very much agitated on finding myself amongst all the other slaves who were waiting for purchasers. Most of them were poor girls who had been brought there to be exchanged. They had been sent away from one harem, and would probably have to go to some other. My heart was filled with a vague kind of dread of I knew not what, when suddenly my eyes rested on three hideous negroes, who had come there to buy some slaves for the harem of their Pasha. They were all three leaning back on the sofa discussing the merits and defects of the various girls standing around them.

"Her eyes are too near together," said one of them.

"That one looks ill."

"This tall one is so round-backed."

I shivered on hearing these remarks, whilst the poor girls themselves blushed with shame or turned livid with anger.

"Come here, Féliknaz," called out my mistress, for I was hiding behind my companions. I went forward with lowered eyes, but my heart was beating wildly with indignation and fear. As soon as the negroes caught sight of me they said something in

"THREE HIDEOUS NEGROES."

Arabic and laughed, and this was not lost on my mistress.

"Where does this one come from?" asked one of them, after examining me attentively.

"She is a Circassian. She has cost me a lot of money, for I bought her four years ago and have been bringing her up carefully. She is very intelligent and will be very pretty. *Bir elmay* (quite a diamond)," she added, in a whisper. "Féliknaz, dance for us, and show us how graceful you can be."

I drew back, blushing, and murmured, "There is no music for me to dance to."

"That doesn't matter at all. I'll sing something for you. Come, commence at once!"

I bowed silently and went back to the end of the room, and then came forward again dancing, bowing to the right and left on my way, whilst my mistress beat time on an old drum and sang the air of the *yassédi* dance in a hoarse voice. In spite of my pride and my terror, my dancing appeared to please these men.

"We will certainly buy Féliknaz," said one of them; "how much will you take for her?"

"Twelve Késatchiés*! not a fraction less."

The negro drew a large purse out of his pocket and counted the money over to my mistress. As soon as she had received it she turned to me and said:—

"You ought to be thankful, Féliknaz, for you are a lucky girl. Here you are, the first time you have been shown, bought for the wealthy Saïd Pasha, and you are to wait upon a charming Hanoum of your own age. Mind and be obedient, Féliknaz; it is the only thing for a slave."

I bent to kiss my mistress's hand, but she raised my face and kissed my forehead. This caress was too much for me at such a moment, and my eyes filled with tears. An intense craving for affection is always felt by all who are desolate Orphans and slaves especially know this to their cost.

The negroes laughed at my sensitiveness, and pushed me towards the door, one of them saying, "You've got a soft heart and a face of marble, but you will change as you get older."

I did not attempt to reply, but just walked along in silence. It would be impossible to give an idea of the anguish I felt when walking through the Stamboul streets, my hand held by one of these men. I wondered what kind of a harem I was going to be put into. "Oh, Allah!" I cried, and I lifted my eyes towards Him, and He surely heard my unuttered prayer, for is not Allah the protector of all who are wretched and forlorn?

## II.

THE old slave-woman had told me the truth. My new mistress, Adilé-Hanoum, was good and kind, and to this day my heart is filled with gratitude when I think of her.

Allah had certainly cared for me. So

*One Késatchié is about £4 10s.

many of my companion-slaves had, at ten years old, been obliged to go and live in some poor Mussulman's house to do the rough work and look after the children. They had to live in unhealthy parts of the town, and for them the hardships of poverty were added to the miseries of slavery, whilst I had a most luxurious life, and was petted and cared for by Adilé-Hanoum.

I had only one trouble in my new home, and that was the cruelty and the fear I felt of my little mistress's brother, Mourad-bey. It seemed as though, for some inexplicable reason, he hated me; and he took every opportunity of teasing me, and was only satisfied when I took refuge at his sister's feet and burst into tears.

In spite of all this I liked Mourad-bey. He was six years older than I, and was so strong and handsome that I could not help forgiving him; and, indeed, I just worshipped him.

"MY MISTRESS BEAT TIME."

When Adilé-Hanoum was fourteen her parents engaged her to a young Bey who lived at Salonica, and whom she would not see until the eve of her marriage. This Turkish custom of marrying a perfect stranger seemed to me terrible, and I spoke of it to my young mistress.

She replied in a resigned tone: "Why should we trouble ourselves about a future which Allah has arranged? Each star is safe in the firmament, no matter in what place it is."

One evening I was walking up and down on the closed balcony outside the *haremlik*. I was feeling very sad and lonely, when suddenly I heard steps behind me, and by the beating of my heart I knew that it was Mourad-bey.

"Féliknaz," he said, seizing me by the arm, "what are you doing here, all alone?"

"I was thinking of my country, Bey-Effendi. In our Circassia all men are equal, just like the ears of corn in a field."

"Look up at me again like that, Féliknaz; your eyes are gloomy and troubled, like the Bosphorus on a stormy day."

"It is because my heart is like that," I said, sadly.

"Do you know that I am going to be married?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

I did not reply, but kept my eyes fixed on the ground.

"You are thinking how unhappy I shall make my wife," he continued; "how she will suffer from my bad treatment."

"Oh! no," I exclaimed. "I do not think she will be unhappy. You will, of course, love *her*, and that is different. You are unkind to *me*, but then that is not the same."

"You think I do not love *you*," said the Bey, taking my hands and pressing them so that it seemed as though he would crush them in his grasp. "You are mistaken, Féliknaz. I love you madly, passionately; I love you so much that I would rather see you dead here at my feet than that you should ever belong to any other than to me!"

"Why have you been so unkind to me always, then?" I murmured, half-closing my eyes, for he was gazing at me with such an intense expression on his dark, handsome face that I felt I dare not look up at him again.

"Because when I have seen you suffering through me it has hurt me too; and yet it has been a joy to me to know you were thinking of me and to suffer with you, for whenever I have made you unhappy, little one, I have been still more so myself. Your smiles and your gentleness have tamed me though, at last; and now you shall be mine, not as Féliknaz the slave, but as Féliknaz-Hanoum, for I respect you, my darling, as much as I love you!"

Mourad-bey then took me in his arms and kissed my face and neck, and then he went back to his rooms, leaving me there leaning on the balcony and trembling all over.

Allah had surely cared for me, for I had never even dared to dream of such happiness as this.

III.

And so I became a *Hanoum*. My dear Adilé was my sister, and though after years of habit I was always throwing myself down at her feet, she would make me get up and sit at her side, either on the divan or in the carriage. Mourad's love for me had put aside the barrier which had separated us. There was, however, now a terrible one between my slaves and myself. Most of them were poor girls from my own country and of my own rank. Until now we had been companions and friends, but I felt that they detested me at present as much as they used to love me, and I was afraid of their hatred. They had all of them undoubtedly hoped to find favour in the eyes of their young master, and now that I was raised to so high a position their hatred was terrible. I did my utmost: I obtained all kinds of favours for them; but all to no purpose, for they were unjust and unreasonable.

My great refuge and consolation was Mourad's love for me—he was now just as gentle and considerate as he had been tyrannical and overbearing. My sister-in-law was married on the same day that I was, and went away to Salonica, and so I lost my dearest friend.

IV.

Mourad loved me, I think, more and more, and when a little son was born to us it seemed as though my cup of happiness was full. I had only one trouble: the knowledge

"SLAVES."

of the hatred of my slaves; and after the birth of my little boy, that increased, for in the East, the only bond which makes a marriage indissoluble is the birth of a child.

When our little son was a few months old Mourad went to spend a week with his father, who was then living at Béïcos. I did not mind staying alone for a few days, as all my time was taken up with my baby-boy. I

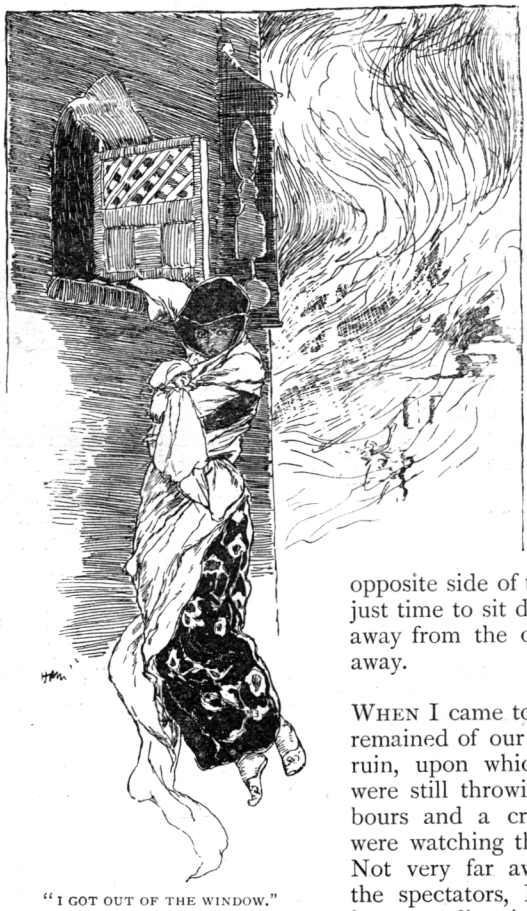
took entire charge of him, and would not trust anyone else to watch over him at all.

One night, when eleven o'clock struck, everything was silent in the harem; evidently everyone was asleep.

Suddenly the door of my room was pushed open, and I saw the face of one of my slaves. She was very pale, and said in a defiant tone, "Fire, fire! The *conak* (house) is on fire!" Then she laughed, a terrible, wild laugh it was too, and she locked my door and rushed away. Fire! Why, that meant ruin and death!

I had jumped up immediately, and now rushed to the window. There was a red glow in the sky over our house and I heard the crackling of wood and saw terrible smoke. Nearly wild with fright I took my child in my arms, snatched up my case of jewels, and wrapping myself up in a long white *simare*, I hurried to the door. Alas! it was too true; the girl had indeed locked it! The window, with lattice-work outside, looked on to a paved courtyard, and my room was on the second floor of the house. I heard the cry of "*Yanghen var!*" (fire, fire) being repeated like an echo to my misery.

"Oh, Allah!" I cried, "my child, my child!" A shiver ran through me at the horrible idea of being burned alive and not being able to save him.



"I GOT OUT OF THE WINDOW."

I called out from the window, but all in vain. The noisy crowd on the other side of the house, and the crackling of the wood, drowned the sound of my voice.

I did my utmost to keep calm, and I walked again to the door and shook it with all my strength; then I went and looked out of the window, but that only offered us a speedy and certain death. I could now hear the sound of the beams giving way overhead. Had I been alone I should undoubtedly have fainted, but I had my child, and so I was obliged to be brave.

Suddenly an idea came to me. There was a little closet leading out of my room, in which we kept extra covers and mattresses for the beds. There was a small window in this closet looking on to the roof of the stables. This was my only hope or chance. I fastened my child firmly to me with a wide silk scarf, and then I got out of the window and dropped on to the roof of the stable, which was about two yards below. Everything around me was covered with smoke, but fortunately there were gusts of wind, which drove it away, enabling me to see what I was doing. From the roof to the ground I had to let myself down, and then jump. I sprained my wrist and hurt my head terribly in falling, but my child was safe. I rushed across the courtyard and out to the opposite side of the road, and had only just time to sit down behind a low wall away from the crowd, when I fainted away.

V.

When I came to myself again, nothing remained of our home but a smoking ruin, upon which the *touloumbad jis* were still throwing water. The neighbours and a crowd of other people were watching the fire finish its work. Not very far away from me, among the spectators, I recognised Mouradbey, standing in the midst of a little group of friends.

His face was perfectly livid, and his eyes were wild with grief. I saw him pick up a burning splinter from the wreck of his home, where he believed all that he loved had perished. He offered it to his friend, who was lighting his cigarette, and said, bitterly, "This is the only hospitality I have now to offer!"

The tone of his voice startled me—it was full of utter despair, and I saw that his lips quivered as he spoke.

I could not bear to see him suffer like that another second.

"Bey Effendi!" I cried, "your son is saved!"

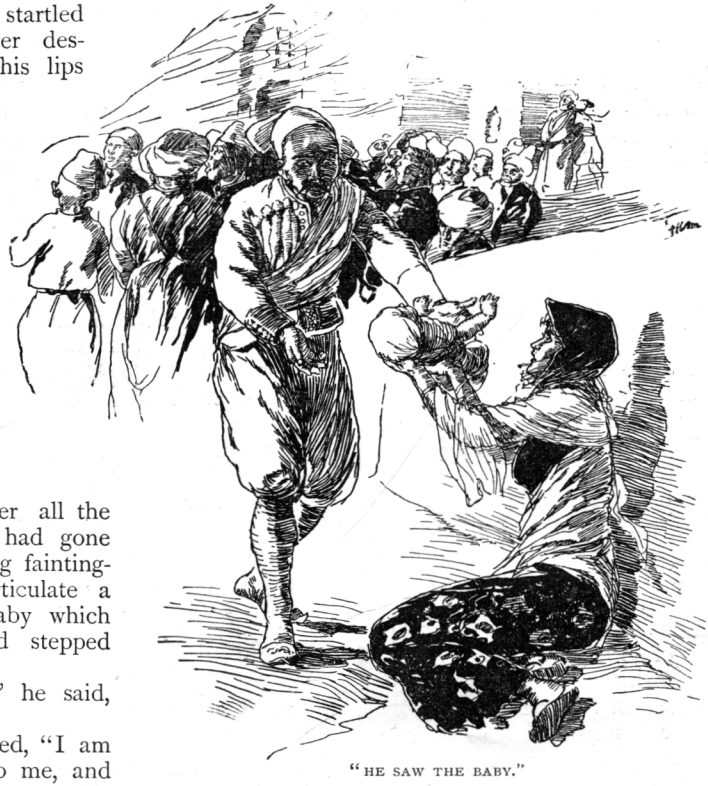
He turned round, but I was covered with my torn *simare*, which was all stained with mud; the light did not fall on me, and he did not recognise me at all. My voice, too, must have sounded strange, for after all the emotion and torture I had gone through, and then my long fainting-fit, I could scarcely articulate a sound. He saw the baby which I was holding up, and stepped forward.

"What is he to me," he said, "without my Féliknaz?"

"Mourad!" I exclaimed, "I am here, too! He darted to me, and took me in his arms; then, with his eyes full of tears, he looked at me tenderly and kissed me over and over again.

"Effendis," he cried, turning at last to his friends, and with a joyous ring in his voice, "I thought I was ruined, but Allah has given me back my dearest treasure. Do not pity me any more, I am perfectly happy!"

We lost a great deal of our wealth by that fire. Our slaves had escaped, taking with them all our most valuable things.



"HE SAW THE BABY."

Mourad is quite certain that the women had set fire to the house from jealousy, but instead of regretting our former wealth, he does all in his power to make up for it by increased attention and care for me, and his only trouble is to see me waiting upon him.

But whenever he says anything about that I throw my arms around his neck and whisper, "Have you forgotten, Mourad, my husband, that your Féliknaz is your slave?"

# The Story of the King's Idea

ONE day the Lord Chamberlain rushed into the throne-room of the palace, panting with excitement. The aristocracy assembled there crowded round him with intense interest.

"The King has just got a new Idea!" he gasped, with eyes round with admiration. "Such a magnificent Idea—!"

"It is indeed! Marvellous!" said the aristocracy. "By Jove—really the most brilliant Idea we ever——!"

"But you haven't heard the Idea yet," said the Lord Chamberlain. "It's this," and he proceeded to tell them the Idea. They were stricken dumb with reverential admiration; it was some time before they could even coo little murmurs of inarticulate wonder.

"The King has just got a new Idea," cried the Royal footman (who was also reporter to the Press), bursting into the office of *The Courtier*, the leading aristocratic paper, with earls for compositors, and heirs to baronetcies for devils.

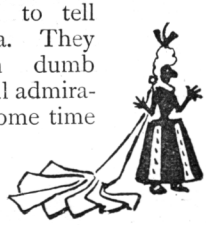
"Has he, indeed? Splendid!" cried the editor. "Here, Jones"—(the Duke of Jones, chief leader-writer)—"just let me have three columns in praise of the King's Idea. Enlarge upon the glorious results it will bring about in the direction of national glory, imperial unity, commercial prosperity, individual liberty and morality, domestic——"

"But hadn't I better tell you the Idea?" said the reporter.

"Well, you might do that perhaps," said the editor.

Then the footman went off to the office of the *Immovable*—the leading paper of the Hangback party, and cried, "The King has got a new Idea!"

"Ha!" said the editor. "Mr. Smith, will you kindly do me a column in support of His Majesty's new Idea?"



"Hum! Well, you see," put in Mr. Smith, the eminent journalist. "How about the new contingent of readers you said you were anxious to net—the readers who are not altogether satisfied with the recent attitude of His Majesty?"

"Oh! ah! I quite forgot," said the editor. "Look here, then, just do me an enigmatical and oracular article that can be read either way."

"Right," replied the eminent journalist.

"By the way, I didn't tell you the Idea," suggested the footman.

"Oh! that doesn't matter; but there, you can, if you like," said the editor.

After that the footman sold the news of the Idea to an ordinary reporter, who dealt with the Rushahead and the revolutionary papers; and the reporter rushed

into the office of the *Whirler*, the leading Rushahead paper.

"King! New Idea!" said the editor of the *Whirler*. "Here, do me five columns of amiable satire upon the King's Idea; keep up the tone of loyalty—tolerant loyalty—of course; and try to keep hold of those readers the *Immovable* is fishing for, of course."

"Very good," said Brown.

"Shall I tell you the Idea?" asked the reporter.

"Ah! yes; if you want to," replied the editor.

Then the reporter rushed off to the *Shouter*, the leading revolutionary journal.

"Here!—hi!—Cruncher!" shouted the editor; "King's got a new Idea. Do me a whole number full of scathing satire, bitter recrimination, vague menace, and so on, about the King's Idea. Dwell on the selfishness and class-invidiousness of the Idea—on the resultant injury to the working classes and the poor; show how it is another deliberate blow to the writhing son of toil—you know."

"I know," said Redwrag, the eminent Trafalgar Square journalist.

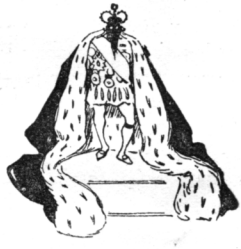
"Wouldn't you like to hear what the Idea is?" asked the reporter.

"No, I should NOT!" thundered the editor. "Don't defile my ears with particulars!"

The moment the public heard how the King had got a new Idea, they rushed to their newspapers to ascertain what judgment they ought to form upon it; and, as the newspaper writers had carefully thought out what sort of judgment their public would like to form upon it, the leading articles exactly reflected the views which that public feebly and half-consciously held, but would have feared to express without support; and everything was prejudiced and satisfactory.

Well, on the whole, the public verdict was decidedly in favour of the King's Idea, which enabled the newspapers gradually to work up a fervent enthusiasm in their columns; until at length it had become the very finest Idea ever evolved. After a time it was suggested that a day should be fixed for public rejoicings in celebration of the King's Idea; and the scheme grew until it was decided in the Lords and Commons that the King should proceed in state to the cathedral on the day of rejoicing, and be crowned as Emperor in honour of the Idea. There was only one little bit of dissent in the Lower House; and that was when Mr. Corderoy, M.P. for the Rattenwell Division of Strikeston, moved, as an amendment, that Bill Firebrand, dismissed by his employer for blowing up his factory, should be allowed a civil service pension.

So the important day came, and everybody took a holiday except the pickpockets and the police; and the King was crowned Emperor in the cathedral, with a grand choral service; and the Laureate wrote a fine poem calling upon the universe to admire the Idea, and describing the King as the greatest and most virtuous King ever invented. It was a very fine poem, beginning:—



Notion that roars and rolls, lapping
the stars with its hem;
Bursting the bands of Space, dwarfing eternal Aye.

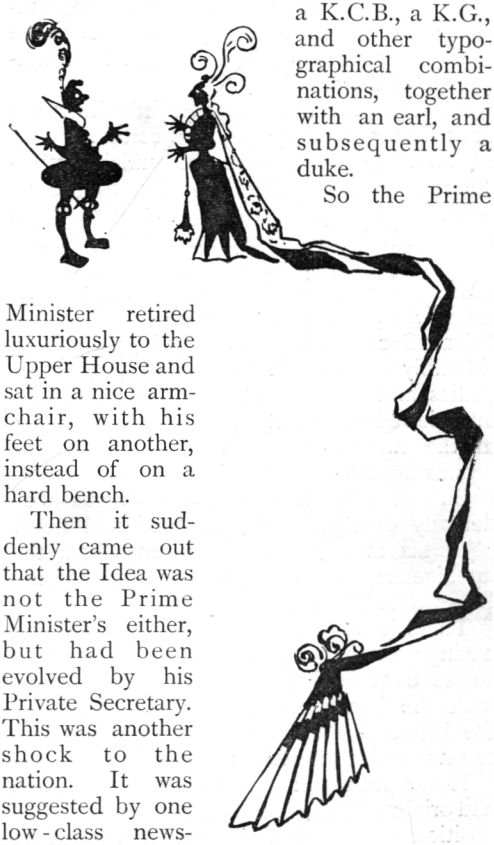
It became tacitly admitted that the King was the very greatest King in the world; and he was made an honorary fellow of the Society of Wiseacres and D.C.L. of the universities.

But one day it leaked out that the Idea was *not* the King's but the Prime Minister's. It would not have been known but for the Prime Minister having taken offence at the refusal of the King to appoint a Socialist agitator to the vacant post of Lord Chamber-

lain. You see, it was this way—the Prime Minister was very anxious to get in his right-hand man for the eastern division of Grumbury, N. Now, the Revolutionaries were very strong in the eastern division of Grumbury, and, by winning the favour of the agitator, the votes of the Revolutionaries would be secured. So, when the King refused to appoint the agitator, the Prime Minister, out of nastiness, let out that the Idea had really been his, and it had been he who had suggested it to the King.

There were great difficulties now; for the honours which had been conferred on the King because of his Idea could not be cancelled; the title of Emperor could not be taken away again, nor the great poem unwritten. The latter step, especially, was not to be thought of; for a leading firm of publishers were just about to issue an *édition de luxe* of the poem with sumptuous illustrations, engraved on diamond, from the pencil of an eminent R.A. who had become a classic and forgotten how to draw. (His name, however, could still draw: so he left the matter to that.)

Well, everybody, except a few newspapers, said nothing about the King's part in the affair; but the warmest eulogies were passed on the Prime Minister by the papers of his political persuasion, and by the public in general. The Prime Minister was now the most wonderful person in existence; and a great public testimonial was got up for him in the shape of a wreath cut out of a single ruby; the colonies got up a millennial exhibition in his honour, at which the chief exhibits were his cast-off clothes, a lock of his hair, a bad sixpence he had passed, and other relics. He was invited everywhere at once; and it became the fashion for ladies to send him a slice of bread and butter to take a bite out of, and subsequently frame the slice with the piece bitten out, or wear it on State occasions as a necklace pendant. At length the King felt himself, with many wry faces, compelled to make the Prime Minister a K.C.B., a K.G., and other typographical combinations, together with an earl, and subsequently a duke.



So the Prime Minister retired luxuriously to the Upper House and sat in a nice arm-chair, with his feet on another, instead of on a hard bench.

Then it suddenly came out that the Idea was not the Prime Minister's either, but had been evolved by his Private Secretary. This was another shock to the nation. It was suggested by one low-class newspaper conspicuous for bad taste that the Prime Minister should resign the dukedom and the capital letters and the ruby wreath,

seeing that he had obtained them on false pretences; but he did not seem to see his way to do these things: on the contrary, he very incisively asked what would be the use of a man's becoming Prime Minister if it was only to resign things to which he had no right. Still, he did the handsome thing: he presented an autograph portrait of himself to the Secretary, together with a new £5 note, as a recognition of any inconvenience he might have suffered in consequence of the mistake.

Now, too, there was another little difficulty: the Private Secretary was, to a certain extent, an influential man, but not sufficiently influential for an Idea of his to be so brilliant as one evolved by a King or a Prime Minister. Nevertheless, the Press and the public generously decided that the Idea was a good one, although it had its assailable points; so the Private Secretary was considerably boomed in the dailies and weeklies, and interviewed (with portrait) in the magazines; and he was a made man.

But, after he had got made, it was accidentally divulged that the Idea had never been his at all, but had sprung from the intelligence of his brother, an obscure Government Clerk.

There it was again—the Private Secretary, having been made, could not be disintegrated; so he continued to enjoy his good luck, with the exception of the £5 note, which the Prime Minister privately requested him to return with interest at 10 per cent.

It was put about at first that the Clerk who had originated the Idea was a person of some position; and so the Idea continued to enjoy a certain amount of eulogy and commendation; but when it was subsequently divulged that the Clerk was merely a nobody, and only had a salary of five and twenty shillings a week on account of his having no lord for a relation, it was at once seen that the Idea, although ingenious, was really, on being looked into, hardly a practicable one. However, the affair brought the Clerk into notice; so he went on the stage just as the excitement over the affair was at its height, and made quite a success, although he couldn't act a bit.

And then it was proved beyond a doubt that the Clerk had not found the Idea at all, but had got it from a Pauper whom he knew in the St. Weektee's union workhouse. So the Clerk was called upon in the Press to give up his success on the boards and go back to his twenty-five shilling clerkship; but he refused to do this, and wrote a letter to a newspaper, headed, "Need an actor be able to act?" and, it being the off-season and the subject a likely one, the letter was answered next day by a member of the newspaper's staff temporarily disguised as "A Call-Boy"—and all this gave the Clerk another lift.

About the Pauper's Idea there was no difficulty whatever; every newspaper and every member of the public had perceived long ago, on the Idea being originally mooted, that there was really nothing at all in it; and the *Chuckler* had a very funny article, bursting with new and flowery turns of speech, by its special polyglot contributor who made you die o' laughing about the Peirastic and Percipient Pauper.

So the Pauper was not allowed

his evening out for a month; and it became a question whether he ought not to be brought up before a magistrate and charged with something or other; but the matter was magnanimously permitted to drop.

By this time the public had had a little too much of it, as they were nearly reduced to beggary by the contributions they had given to one ideal-originator after another; and they certainly would have lynched any new aspirant to the Idea, had one (sufficiently uninfluential) turned up.

And, meanwhile, the Idea had been quietly taken up and set

going by a select company of patriotic personages who were in a position to set the ball rolling; and the Idea grew, and developed, and developed, until it had attained considerable proportions and could be seen to be full of vast potentialities either for the welfare or the injury of the Empire, according to the way in which it might be worked out.

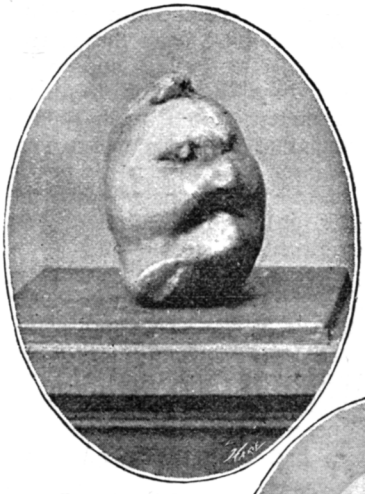
Now, at the outset, owing to tremendous opposition from various quarters, the Idea worked out so badly that it threatened incalculable harm to the commerce and general happiness of the realm; whereupon the public decided that it certainly *must* have originated with the Pauper; and they went and dragged him from the workhouse, and were about to hang him to a lamp-post, when news arrived that the Idea was doing less harm to the Empire than had been supposed.

So they let the Pauper go; for it became evident to them that it had been the Clerk's Idea; and just as they were deliberating what to do with the Clerk, it was discovered that the Idea was really beginning to work out very well indeed, and was decidedly increasing the prosperity of the realm. Thereupon the public decided that it must have been the Private Secretary's Idea, after all; and were just setting out in a deputation to thank the Private Secretary, when fresh reports arrived showing that the Idea was a very great national boon; and then the public felt that it *must* have originated with the Prime Minister, in spite of all that had been said to the contrary.

But in the course of a few months, everybody in the land became aware that the tide of national prosperity and happiness was indeed advancing in the most glorious way, and all owing to the Great Idea; and *now* they perceived as one man that it had been the King's own Idea, and no doubt about the matter. So they made another day of rejoicing, and presented the King with a diamond throne and a new crown with "A1" in large letters upon it. And that King was ever after known as the very greatest King that had ever reigned.

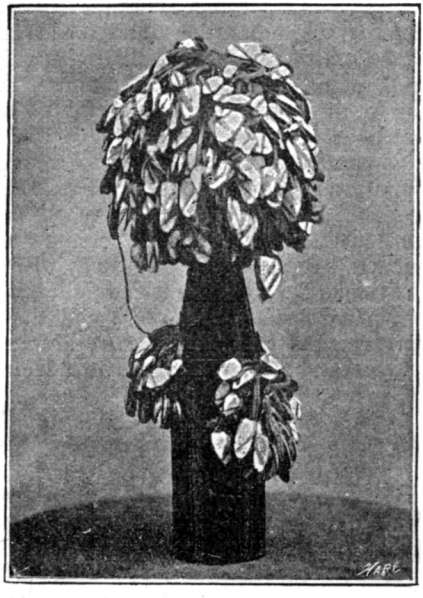
But it was the Pauper's Idea after all.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

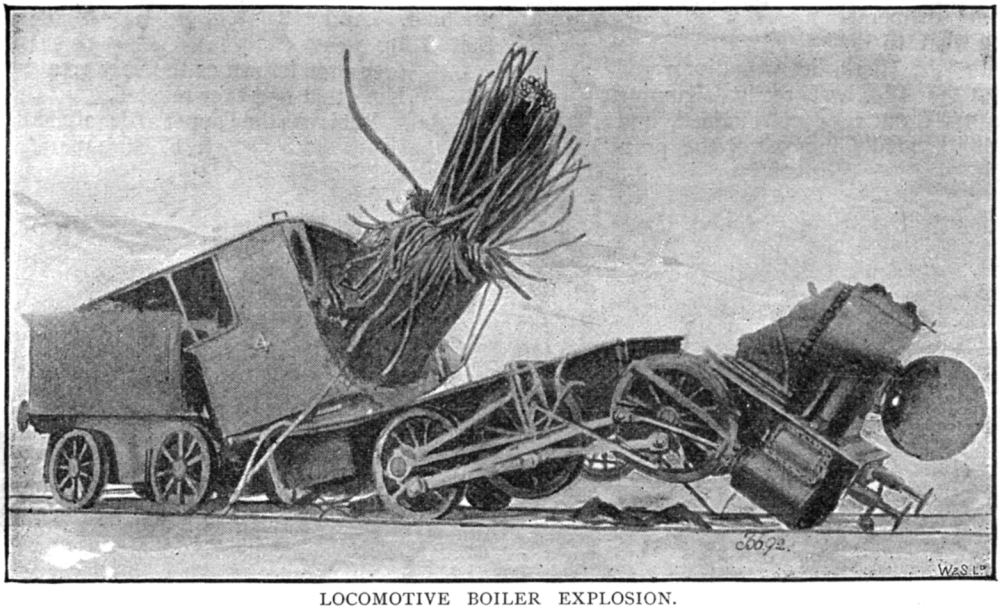


*From Photos. by R. Gabbott, Chorley.*

THESE are two photographs of a "turnip," unearthed a little time ago by a Lancashire farmer. We are indebted for the photographs to Mr. Alfred Whalley, 15, Solent Crescent, West Hampstead.



THIS is a photo. of a hock bottle that was washed ashore at Lyme Regis covered with barnacles, which look like a bunch of flowers. The photograph has been sent to us by Mr. F. W. Shephard, photographer, Lyme Regis.



LOCOMOTIVE BOILER EXPLOSION.

THE drawing, taken from a photo., shows the curious result of a boiler explosion which occurred some time ago at Soosmezo, in Hungary. The explosion broke the greater part of the windows in the neighbouring village, and the cylindrical portion of the boiler, not shown in drawing, as well as the chimney, were hurled some two hundred yards away.

FIND THREE OTHER LITTLE BOYS
FIND HER VALENTINE
PAL'S PUZZLE PAGE.
DANGER
FIND HER FATHER & MOTHER
PAL

1. "YOU SEE," SAID THE PROFESSOR TO HIS PUPIL, "I WILL HIDE MY GOLD-MOUNTED UMBRELLA IN THIS HEAP OF LEAVES——"

2. "—— AND THEN TAKE MY DOG A MILE BEYOND THIS LONELY SPOT AND HE WILL RETRIEVE IT AGAIN."

3. MEANWHILE RAGGED JACK THE TRAMP IMPROVES THE SHINING HOUR.

4. FLIGHT!

5. "AND NOW," SAID THE PROFESSOR, "HAVING GONE ABOUT A MILE, WE LOOSE THE DOG TO RETURN TO THE SCENT AND FIND THE UMBRELLA."

6. WISDOM AND SAGACITY AT FAULT.

ON THE SAGACITY OF THE DOG.